Presented by Chief Justice Chase
to Lafayette Jr.
July 26th 1867.

THE

OLD FLAG.

First Published by Union Prisoners at

CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. A. Morgan, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

George Washington Flowers
Memorial Collection

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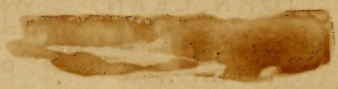
FAMILY OF
COLONEL FLOWERS



PREFACE.

"The Old Flag" was published during an imprisonment of thirteen months in Tyler, Smith Co., Texas, upon a sheet of unruled letter paper, in imitation of *print*, a steel pen being employed in the absence of a Hoe Press with Conner & Son's Types, and Maynard & Noyes' Ink instead of Lightbody's. Of course, by this slow process, but one copy could be issued of each number, which was read aloud at the various cabins by some member of the "Mess;" and when all had read, or heard it read, the same was returned by the "Subscriber" to the "Office of Publication."

But one aim ever actuated the Proprietor in this undertaking, which was to contribute as far as possible towards enlivening the monotonous, and at times almost unbearably eventless life of Camp Ford—and to cultivate a mutual good feeling between all. Contributions were solicited upon matters of Local interest, Stories, Advertisements, etc., and many good Jokes were perpetrated upon each other, which were received purely in that light by the *victims*, and were the occasion of much enjoyment. It is therefore urged upon our patrons that they do not consider aught in these columns as embodying any ill personal feelings towards *anybody*, and desire to certify that the warmest affections and mutual kindnesses were unanimous with all the prisoners.

The Advertisements were most of them *bona fide*, genuine; especially those of a smaller paper published shortly before our departure from Texas, called the "Ford City Herald." As we have decided not to include the Herald in this volume, we will here insert some of its Advertisements, and other items of interest to the reader.

PARKER'S BAKERY,
No. 122 HESTER STREET,
BAMBOO PLACE,
Ford City, Tyler, Smith Co., Texas.

Always on hand, a fresh supply of DOUGHNUTS; Grape, Blackberry, and Custard
PIES.
By H. PARKER.

CITY BAKERY,
Corner BROADWAY and FOX STREETS.

FOR SALE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
FLOUR, BACON, MEAL,
PIES,
CAKES, HARD-BREAD, BISCUITS, &c.
Terms—*Reasonable.*
BLANCHARD & CO.

P. CLARKE,
118 *HESTER STREET,*
BAKERY.

JOHN LEAN,
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 5 Exchange Place, Speculation Street,
FORD CITY, TEXAS.

RARE BARGAINS!
READY SALES!!
GIVE "WAX" A CALL!!!

Sign of the 3 Golden Balls!

MICHAEL SUGRUE,
COMMISSION AND EXCHANGE
BROKER,
No. 122 SPECULATION STREET,
FORD CITY, TEXAS.

WOODWARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CHESS-MEN, CHECKER-MEN, &C.,
CORNER SOAP AND FRONT STREETS.

WILLIAM JOHNSON,
Corner Battery Place & Broadway.

CHESS-MEN, CHECKER-MEN, &C.

PETER BALDWIN,
BAKER,
No. 240 SARSAPARILLA STREET.

SHEPPARD & CO.,
No. 442 Broadway,
BAKERS.

A. DODD,
No. 1 BROADWAY,
BAKERY.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS—July 4, 1864.

Wheat Flour	℔ 100 lbs.	$250 00
Meal, Corn	℔ bushel	15 00
Bacon	℔ lb.	5 00
Butter	℔ lb.	10 00
Eggs	℔ dozen	10 00
Molasses	℔ gallon	30 00
Sugar	℔ lb.	7 50
Soap	℔ lb.	7 50
Ripe Apples	℔ piece	1 25
Blackberries	℔ gallon	40 00
Grapes, green	℔ bushel	40 00
Milk	℔ gallon	20 00

REVIEW OF MARKETS—(*Continued.*)

Honey in the comb	℔ lb.	$ 7 50
" strained	℔ gallon	80 00
Whiskey	℔ "	200 00
" single drink		5 00
Segars	each	1 00
Tobacco, Chewing	℔ plug	30 00
" Conscript	℔ lb.	20 00
Cucumbers	℔ dozen	5 00
Cabbages	℔ head	2 50
Beans, String	℔ bushel	40 00
Straw Hats, camp make	℔ piece	25 00

The 22d day of February, 1864, was celebrated in camp, and proved a day never to be forgotten by any one of those who were witnesses of, or participated in, any of the exercises. These consisted of an *Oration* by Lt. Col. J. B. Leake, a Poem by Lt. Col. A. J. H. Duganne, *Voluntary Toasts*, and *Singing* by a *Glee Club*.

Hoping and trusting the style and correctness in which the following Lithograph copies of "The Old Flag" have been executed will meet the approbation of my late fellow-prisoners in Texas, and assuring them of having used every endeavor to produce them in the best possible shape, I remain,

Respectfully,

J. P. ROBENS.

37 Park Row, New York.

PRIVATE.

"The Old Times" was published during an imprisonment of thirteen months in Tyler, Smith Co., Texas, upon charge of printed letter press in violation of public a steel pen being employed in the absence of a Hot Press with Cousin Sam's Tax and Revenue Stamp for instead of Lampwy. Of course, by this slow process, but one copy could be made of each article which was read aloud at the evening cabins by some member of the "Mess;" and when all had read it, it was, the same was returned by the "Absentee" to the "Office of Publication."

The one also sent out the Proprietor in this undertaking, which was to contribute as far as possible towards supplying the necessaries, and at times almost unobtainable comforts, like of Camp Fuel—and to cultivate a mutual feeling for the Journal. Contributions were solicited upon matters of Local Interest, Stories, Advertisements, etc., and some good Letters were preserved upon such office, which were received purely in that light by the editors, and the contributions of much enjoyment. It is therefore urged upon our patrons that they do not consider angle in such matters as contributing any ill personal feelings towards readers, and desire to certify that the warmest affections and mutual kindnesses were manifestly with all the prisoners.

The Advertisements were those of their own producing; especially those of a smaller paper published shortly before the journey from Texas called the "Twin Our Brazos." As we have decided not to include the Literary in this volume, we will here insert some of the Advertisements, and other items of interest to the reader.

PARKER'S BAKERY,

BAMBOO PIES.

PIES.

CITY BAKERY.

BOILED HAMS, LEAN.

PIES.

P. CLARKE,

BAKER.

JOHN LEAN,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

RARE BARGAINS!

DRY GOODS.

Sign of the 3 Balls.

MICHAEL SUGRUE,

BROKER.

WOOD WARP & CO.,

GENT'S MEN, SHEEKER-MEN, &c.

WILLIAM JOHNSON,

Corner Eighty Twos & Broadway.

GENT'S-MEN, GUECKER-MEN, &c.

PETER BALDWIN,

BAKER,

No. 420 Broadway,

BAKERY.

A. DODD,

No. 1 BROADWAY,

BAKERY.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS—July 4, 1864.

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The 22d day of February, 1864, was celebrated in camp, and proved a day never to be forgotten by any one of the prisoners who were present at, or participated in, any of the exercises. Then commenced of an Oration by Lt. Col. J. R. Hawley, Lt. Col. L. L. H. Hawley, Polemarch Jones, and closing by a Lay Gloss.

The following extracts are from the following Lithographic copies of "The Old Times" [illegible] the production of any [illegible] Rebel prisoners in Texas, and meaning time of having [illegible] to produce them on the best possible shape, I remain,

Respectfully,

J. R. ROBINS.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE OLD FLAG.

Vol. I. CAMP FORD, Tyler, Smith Co., Texas, Feb. 17. 1864. No. 1.

"THE OLD FLAG.

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION.

Per Annum, in advance $5.00

TERMS of ADVERTISING.

1 SQUARE, each insertion	1,00
2 " " "	1,50
1 COLUMN " "	4,00

All transiant Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

MARRIAGES AND DEATH'S inserted FREE.

In order to render payments more easy for our patrons we will accept instead of the CASH, LINCOLN COFFEE, GREEN or BLACK TEA, SPICES, BUTTER, BEANS, CHEESE, IRISH POTATOES, RICE, SALERATUS, FINE-CUT or KILLKENICK TOBACCO, WINES, LIQUORS OR SEGARS.

CONTRIBUTIONS solicited and if used will be paid for in Orders on the Q.M. at Tyler, Texas.

W. H. M.

ALL Kinds of PLAIN and FANCY JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES AT THIS OFFICE, NO. 2 WATER STREET.

BY U.G. TELEGRAPH AND BALD EAGLE EXPRESS.

LATEST NEWS!

Shreveport, Feb. 16th 1864.

We stop the Lightning to forward to your readers the important intelligence that all prisoners in the State of Texas, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, both the Navy and of the Army have BEEN EXCHANGED.

(Hoff.)

LOYAL TEXAS.

THE work of regeneration has begun. The tenth part of the people of Texas, represented by the UNION Inhabitants of CAMP FORD, embracing the gallant soldier, the patriotic refugee, and the unterrified exile, have sworne to uphold our magnanimous President in his generous endeavor to unite all parties for his own support. In the words of the new and original motto, at the head of our editorial column, "Long may he Wave."

Already we rally distinguished officers enough to hold all of the positions of an Army Corps; men who have trod the sacred soil of Texas, from Sabine Pass to Camp Grace, from Galveston to Tyler, from The RioGrande to the San Jacinto; men who are familiar with Guard houses and Penetentiaries and who have got their eye-teeth cut on corn dodgers & who laugh to scorn an eruption of gray-backs. To such veterans victory must be sure and with the old FLAG wrapped around them, they will face a world in arms on Mustang Ponies. We call upon loyal Texans to cluster around our FLAG staff. We know that they have long cried for us as a tender infant cries for LT. SHERMAN'S LOZENGES. We unroll the banner of their redemption over Texan groves.

Forever float our standard sheet,
To drive disloyal Rebs before us,
With Freedoms soil beneath our feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A GRAND CELEBRATION!

With the Violin lately purchased from one of the Guard for 100 dollars Confederate money (equal to 10.00 in Green-backs here) and the BANJO MESSRS MARS & Co., are making, & CAPT. THOMASON'S excellent FLUTE, we are in hopes to have quite a BAND by the 22d of Feb. Now, with the addition of a Singing Club, we certainly do not lack Music for a Celebration on the Birth-day of Washington. We have excellent Public speakers, and therefore hope such a celebration will come off.

PAT-RIOT.

WHAT WE HAVE —AND— HAVE NOT.

WE have a LEAKE quite wise & good,
But no Cracker to use if we would,
We have a ROSE without a Thorne,
Who thrives upon Confederate-corn,
And yet again, we have a GRAY,
Minus a GREEN were bound to say,
We've a NOTT, yet strange to tell,
No ROPE have we, nor yet a BELL.
A BAILEY we have to
No LAWYER yet to pla
A MAY to keep us ple
No cold DECEMBER, and
That WELLS we have is
No BUCKET have we to
We have a COE, we
Hell do a good turn whenever
ADAMS here, and much
Because he's absent from
Tho' lacking a DANE,
Still a R a
Tho' we've no u
We've a PECK to use at pleasure,
And if we had a LAMB, I ween
In peace with LYON twould be seen.
Though all are fond of dishes sweet,
ROBINS go unharme thro' the street.
The queerest thing of this rare age,
We need a Title for our PAGE.
We have a Chase, yet sad to know.
We have no GAME alas! 'tis so.
WE have a HUGG, yet do not care,
To have them add likewise a BEAR.
SAMPSON is also here on hand,
No jaw-bone tho' is in his hand.
Although the Rebs here hold a Morse,
Transport their News by some old horse.
MARS is with us, faithful, and
Yet we've no VENUS in our band.
LAURIE we fear, pines for ANNIE,—
Pardon friend, perhaps 'tis FANNIE.
O! then there's WHITE is also here.
No BLACK have we, is it not queer.
And then although we have no POOL,
We have an EDDY, just from school.
A HUMBLE tie, yet fail to see,
Within our midst a single BEE.
Allho' a DANE, 'tis true, indeed,
We have not with us one a SWEED.
The South is firmly fixed at last,
They've taken ROOT—are bedded fast.
We add with pleasure to our song,
We have a WRIGHT, and not a WRONG.
And what must seem to you most queer,
We've WOODS, yet not a TREE is here!
WEEKS we number 'mong the rest,
And Several MONTHS have been our guest.
A FOWLER, too, our list now swells,
Not the firm of FOWLER & WELLS.

A WELD is here; he's a Soldier tho'
And not a Blacksmith as we know.
We have a FOX, and yet no GEESE.
They say he's week about the knees!
Richard the IIId was no worse off than we,
A RIDER we have, but no HORSE you see.
Our houses are open at any o'clock,
We've a KEY, but alas, no LOCK.
And now dear friends, the fact is this,
We have DUNN and SO,
FINIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR, I wish through the columns of your paper to notice a nuisance which is doing much to corrupt the morals of the youth in our vicinity. Having been lately bound in the bonds of wedlock, I feel an degree of interest in these that you will you towards abolishing no doubt you are owling Saloon — an y gambling hells, spring idet. I am sure the ildren, as well as ts those, will join ther.

C.E.P.

This enclosure was unavoidably torn out in removing it from under my shoulder straps, having been wet through.

CAUTION!!

The attention of the public is called to the numerous bogus lotteries which have come off lately. Not only is this the most complete species of gambling, but there is not even the usual degree of fairness exhibited; those who give the articles, in two thirds of the cases, draw the prizes themselves. If these swindles are not stopped, they will most assuredly be exposed.

*

COMMUNICATED.

DEAR FLAG, Allow me to return thanks through your columns to SERGEANT JONES for his very handsome present of one-half of the Pig "JIM," given by him to the old prisoners of CAMP FORD.

Yours, fruty,

ONE OF THE "OLD 72."

WANTED! 500 Chine-bones — beef preferred — at my SOAP MANUFACTORY. H. HAY LEY.

A BATH-HOUSE.

An establishment for Bathing and laundry purposes is much needed, and we hope water-power sufficient. A hint is enough to the countrymen of Washington.

From the "Tyler Reporter," 10th Feb. 1864.

We have valuable information of the departure of BANKS and his minions from the sacred soil of Texas. It now appears that a squad of Richardson's Cavalry were falling within sight of the Yankee pirates who, being frightened at the sight of the gray-backs, gave the alarm, upon which BANKS and his army embarked on board a fleet of steamers and three schooners, and there can be no doubt but we are rid for the second time of Lincoln's murderous hordes.

ATTENTION! — We would invite the attention of our readers to the Advertisement of Senor Hay-Ley to be found in another column. It is with pleasure that we announce the return of our friend Hay-Ley from South America, he having lost the bulk of his fortune in the late political troubles there.

We are pleased to announce, however, that he has built an extensive Soap Manufactory, and we trust will retrieve his fallen fortunes. We recommend our friends to give his Soap a fair trial. Brother H. is a staunch Republican and a Patriot; he has three sons in the army, and has himself thrown up a lucrative position in our army, feeling that he could better aid his adopted country by furnishing a superior article of Army Soap at a reduced price.

Peace be to his ashes — and to his hurtle-bins.

We copy the following list of enactments of the Confederate Congress, from the Shreveport Fire-eater.

An Act in addition to an Act relating to an Act entitled An Act to prevent the enlistment of men over 35 years of age, except as Nurses, Cooks and Blacksmiths.

The Congress of the C.S.A. do enact that no person above the age mentioned shall be admitted into the active military service of the C.S.A., having already furnished a substitute over the exemption age, which by Act of Jan. 21st. is extended to 70 years.

Approved, Feb. 1st. 1864.

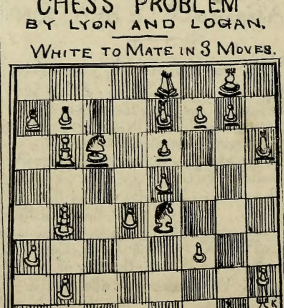
An Act in addition to an Act to organize all able-bodied male citizens into the military service of the C.S.

The Congress of the C.S. of A. do enact that able bodied male slaves, between the ages of 25 and 40 years shall be enrolled in to the military service of the C.S. to the extent of 500,000 but this act shall not be so construed as to deprive aged and indigent females of their only support by taking the only remaining servant of the plantation.

Thus is the last obstacle to the exchange of prisoners removed and our brave officers and men will soon be able to join their commands.

CHESS PROBLEM
BY LYON AND LOGAN.

WHITE TO MATE IN 3 MOVES.



LOCAL ITEMS.

☞ Sign of improvement in our thriving borough increase rapidly. Real Estate continues in demand, and extensive building operations employ the labor and capital of our community. A new block is rising opposite the Fifth Avenue place, occupied by our distinguished Pellipo-citizen, Captain J.D. We learn also that Col. B. of 42d. Street has contracted for an extension of his mansion, and that Lt. McFinnigan contemplates the addition of capacious dormitories to his Suburban residence.

The pleasant toil of planting already enlists the energies of our agricultural population. Major A— and Captain W have enclosed their broad fields with a substantial fence, and may be daily seen engaged in the peaceful and productive pursuits of husbandry. Nothing is more cheering than to witness the graceful ease with which our heroes of Army and Navy retire like Cincinnatus to their farms, deserting Mars for Ceres, and relinquishing the field of glory for that of garden vegetables. Long may they wave!

☞ A proper encouragement of the fine arts should not be neglected in our midst. The utile of dulce may always be mingled with advantage to us, and it is therefore with great pleasure that we notice the beautiful model of wood-sculpture lately executed by Capt. Johnson of Fifth Avenue in the form of an arm chair for presentation to Capt. Crocker. In strength of back and durability of bottom this work of art may be esteemed a master-peice.

Among the inventions and discoveries of our age, Senor Hay-Ley of S.A. deserves a high place for his success in the perfecting the manufacture of Soap. "Ashes to ashes" is his motto, and like Byron, he deals with —

"The isles of Grease — the isles of Grease,
Where burning Soap-fat melting sung,
We trust he will be liberally sustained by a community which, as we all know, is fully all in soap.

CHESS On dit — that a Chess Tournament is in contemplation between the Commandant of Camp and a noted rebellion officer, to decide the question of exchange between black and white combatants. Not a bad move, gentlemen! We await your opening with anxiety.

COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OLD FLAG,

SIR. Allow me through the columns of your paper to call attention to the want of care for the public welfare as shown in leaving uncovered and unguarded, a trench between private residence and the "Home of the Unfortunate Sons of Massachusetts."

Buchus.

☞ The most masterly peice of work it has been our fortune to behold since our stay at Ford Borough is a complete set of CHESS-MEN made by LT. JOHN WOODWARD. They are of holly-wood and finished in splendid taste. He has already been offered as fair as $50. in good money — ie: Lincoln Green.

☞ Our aged and much esteemed friend, BUCKLEY, we are pained to announce has lately met with a bad accident in the shape of putting his foot in it, that it being in this case a bed of live coals. The foot is doing well, however, and will soon be as good as "any other mans" foot.

OUR next number of the "OLD FLAG" which will be issued MARCH 1st, 1864, will be in an entire new dress, we having received new Types from the Foundry of J. CONNOR & SON, of N.Y! This number is printed with "secesh" ink, which does not appear to "take" well upon Yankee paper.

THE OLD FLAG

"Long may it wave!"

Wednesday, February 17th. 1864.

BY U.G. TELEGRAPH.

PROCLAMATION!

In virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution, I hereby order an election of State Civil officers for the State of TEXAS, said officers to be duly chosen by the loyal inhabitants of the said State, now resident at Camp Ford, and constituting one tenth of the entire loyal population west of the Rio Grande. The polls will be opened on Monday, the 22 d. of Feb, 1864, at surise, and continue open until sun-set of the same day.

The officers to be elected are a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, and Superintendant of Insane Hospitals, and Attorney General. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President.

Wm. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

This day we spread upon Texan breezes the old banner so dear to every American heart. Its silver stars and crimson stripes will shortly gladden the expectant eyes of Texan patriots who have long mourned their disappearance, as the whang-doodle mourneth for her first borne. Our glorious ensign will arise upon these benighted people as a beacon of hope to the storm-beaten mariner, and it is our fixed and inflexible purpose to nail it to the loyal mast head of this our seat of government, and to defy the combined hosts of treason to blot out a single star or erase a solitary stripe. While our all conquering northern army, under its renowned commanders, is marching along our sea-side sands with the slow and intrepid tread of CAPT. J. D's mule, toward a peck of corn-fodder, WE, the advance guard of liberty and intelligence, will occupy the Thermopylae of Camp Ford, and hold the foe at bay with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred sword-knots! We therefore call upon our loyal fellow-citizens, as they value the inestimable blessings of good government, to send in their subscriptions to the "OLD FLAG" at once. N.B.—No Corn-doger currency accepted.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

We did think of naming this department of our paper the "Editor's Easy Chair," but as we seated ourselves upon our coarse, hard, sliver-bottomed stool, minus back and cushion, the absurdity of saying easy chair arrested our pen in the act of so inditing it, and rather than have so unpleasant a heading in our columns as Un-easy we drop the term altogether.

And still, we have a notion our coarse bench, or stool, might with as much truth be termed our easy chair as that of many an editor within our lines, whose mahogany seat is cushioned with softest velvet, yet whose cares and uneasiness of mind — "Bills Due", staring him in the face and his subscribers backward — very — in their payments, and a thousand other of the grievances common to the editors of modern papers; we say that after considering that fact, we might with more truth denominate ours an Easy Chair, for we experience none of these editorial grievances — nothing to worry about but where we are to get our next meal! — and as a general thing, it is meal!

Before us lays as fine a Segar as the most fastideous Yankee could desire to smoke; here where segars are as high as $25, per hundred; and this a present to an Editor! Who would believe it! It was manufactured entire by one of our neighbors, MR. WALSH, whose advertisement will be found in another column.

Give him a call. Smoke him out!

WALCH'S LOTTERIES.— No. 32 was the lucky number held by LT. ROBENS, who drew the handsome Ring made by Mr. Wilson last week.

Saturday evening another ring was put up by the LOTTERY-MAN, and drawn by himself.

VOTE EARLY! Read the Presidents' Proclamation, and Remember the 22d. of February! If you have not been made a voter, go at once before the Board, which consists of Messrs SHERRY, ROBENS and AVERY, and be made one!

MISCELANEOUS.

CONUNDRUM.— Why is the Southern Confederacy like a tea-kettle?
Ans. Because the Black is at the bottom of it, and hollow within.

The New York Tribune enquires whether it was the colour of their clothing or the vermin which so seared our forces in Texas.

WHY are Texas State troops like light machinery? Ans.—Because they run with little belting.

Why are MACRUDER'S conscripts like the Rebel papers? Ans.—Because they cannot be depended upon.

Why is Richardson's Cavalry on the Texan coast like a man with the toothache? Ans.—Because they long to be relieved.

Why is CAPT. JOHNSON'S endeavoring to comply with the demands of christianity? Ans.—Because he is endeavoring to TURN!

DEER PHLAG.—
SUR, i want tos bi
A umbrellur, and iff you wil rite me
a Not is sain so, and git it upp rite
i wil pa you fur your trubbill — i
wil giv ass hi as levin dolurs fur I.
i am, sur, yewurs trewli,
9 munths mann.

(We have, as the author of this note will perceive, put in his own note as he wrote it, believing ourselves unable to write as affecting an appeal as our correspondent himself has. Ed.)

MARRIED.

In this borrough on the 1st inst., by REV. D. GILETTE, MR. P.W. LYON, of Squashtown, N. J. and MISS C. E. PAGE of this place.

[We have to acknowledge the receipt of a rich peice of the wedding cake (corn-bread.)

LIST OF PRISONERS.

Lt. Col. J. B. LEAKE, 20th IOWA.
Lt. Col. ROSE, 26th IND.
Maj. R. C. ANTHONY, 2d. R.I. Cavalry.
Maj. JOHN GRAY, 175 N.Y.V.
Col. Chas. C. NOTT, 176 N.Y.V.
" I.S. BURREL, 42d. MASS. Vols.
Lt. Col. A. J. H. DUGANNE, 176 N.Y.V.
Capt. F. NOBLETT, 21st. IND.
Capt. S. G. BAILEY, 23d. C.V.
" J. SANFORD, " "
" Wm. H. MAY, " "
" J. R. JENKINS, " "
" A. O. HOPKINS, " "
" A. WELLS, " "
" W. P. COE, 176 N.Y.V.
" W. ADAMS, 19th IOWA.
" R. H. STOTT, 26th IND.
" N. A. LOGAN, 26th "
" A. ALLEN, 1st. Regt. U.S.V.
" FRED. VAN TINE, 131 N.Y.V.
" A. N. PROCTOR, 42d. Mass.
" GEO. SHERRIVE, " "
" G. SAVAGE, " "
" E. COLTER, 20th IOWA.
" D. TORREY, " "
" W. J. WALLACE, 25th IND.
Lieut J. Woodward 23. C.V.
" J. F. Peck " "
" C. Bailey, " "
" O. H. Hibbard, " "
" C. Hurlbut, " "
" J. G. Stevens, " "
" J. W. Buckingham, " "
" A. W. Lyon, 176 N.Y.V.
" T. F. Ferrie, " "
" J. P. Robens, " "
" J. Delamater, 91. N.Y.V.
" C. E. Page 4 U.S.
" Hershey " "
" F. Chase, 12. MAINE V.
" D. Gillette, 176 N.Y.V.
" D. C. Brennan 2d. R.I. CAV.
" J. W. Hugg, 25. C.V.
" C. Avery, " "
" C. Kirbey 176 N.Y.V.
" J. M. Sampson, 4th MASS. V. M.
" H. W. Morse, 4 " "
" Harry Weston, Gunboat "Diana" Mast. Mate
" W. Johnson " " Engineer.
" R. W. Mars " " Engineer.
" T. D. Vredenburgh, 10th Ill. Cavalry.
Asst. Eng. R. M. McLaughlin, Gunboat "DIANA."
Lieut C. Laurie, 12. C.V.
" Wm. Bulkley " Maine.
" J. W. Dana, " "
" W. H. Cowdin, 42d Mass. V.
" S. F. White, " "
" D. F. Eddy, " "
" B. P. Stowell, " "
" T. D. Newcomb " "
" Henry Humbul 4th Mass
" H. C. Dana, Signal Corps.
" J. Wilson, 42d Mass.
" Thos. S. Curtis, 175th N.Y.V.
" P. Walch, " "
" Rob't Dunn, " "
" W. H. Root, 76 " "
" B. F. Wright, 19 IOWA.
" E. J. Collins, 26 IND.
" C. P. Sherman, 176 N.Y.V.
" J. M. Weeds, 19 IOWA.
" F. Sherfey, 21st IND. V.
" Weeks, Gun-Boat "Clifton."
Act'g Mast. J. Dillingham, " "Morning Light."
" " J. W. Washburn, " " " "
" " W. W. Fowler " " "Clifton."
Lt. Comd'g F. Crocker " " "
Act'g Ensign W. Y. Weld " " "
Engineer P. A. Fox, " " "Sachem."
Lt. Comd'g Amos Johnson " " "
Ensign A. H. Raynolds " " "
R. Rider, Capt. Schooner "Manhasset."
Lt. S. P. Key 19 IOWA.
Lt T. A. Robb, 19 IOWA.
Capt. S. E. Thomason, 176. N.Y.V.
" Geo. S. Crofut, 23d. C.V.
Lt. E. Kirby, 160th N.Y.V.
" D. G. Wellington, 176 N.Y.V.
" L. W. Stevenson " "
" J. Babcock " "
" J. East, 1st. Ark. V.
" G. C. McDowell, 26 Ind. Vol.
" J. M. Robertson, " "
Capt. T. L. Sprott, 19. Iowa
" S. F. Roderick, " "
" L. Fisher " "
Lt. G. Johnston, " "
" N. Powel, " "
" J. Bennett, " "
" H. Walton, 34th " "
" J. Roberts, 175 N.Y.V.

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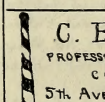

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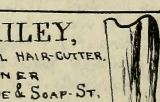

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THE FIRST ANNUAL

BALL

OF THE

PRISONERS OF CAMP-FORD,

IN MEMORY OF THE

BIRTH DAY OF WASHINGTON,

WILL BE HELD ON

PARK SQUARE,

FEB., 22d 1864.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Lt. Col. J. B. LEAKE,
MAJ. R. C. ANTHONY,
Lt. JOHNSON
CAPT. COE.

MUSIC BY THE "YANKEE BAND."

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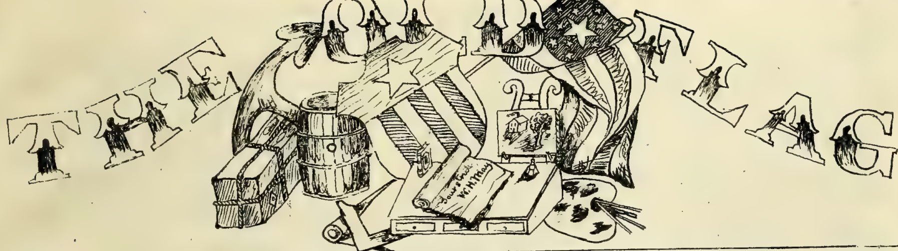

Vol. I. CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS, MARCH 1st, 1864. No. 2.

THE OLD FLAG.

TERMS.

Per Annum, single copy	$5.00
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THE FIRST MOVE.

AT a meeting for the purpose of making arrangements in accordance with a suggestion in the last number of the "OLD FLAG" for celebrating the birth day of the Father of our Country, called to meet on Wednesday, Feb 17th, at 7 o'clock P.M., at as early an hour as 6½ o'clock, delegates from the different legal districts of Texas began to arrive, and at about a quarter past 7 o'clock the hall was [illegible]! Patriotic an assembly as the "oldest inhabitant" of our borrough remembers ever to have seen together in this renowned Hall at any one time – ie;– UNDAUNTED HALL, corner Battery-Place and Shin-bone Alley.

The meeting was called to order by CAPT. S.E. THOMASON and MAJOR R.C. ANTHONY elected to occupy the Chair; which he accepted with a few appropriate remarks upon the objects of the meeting, &c, &c. LT. C.E. PAGE was appointed Secretary; the illumination from the large Log-wood fire not being sufficient for the Secretary to take down the minutes, it was suggested by LT. CURTIS [illegible] act as sergt. at arms and go down to MAJ. GRAY'S No. 1. Park Row and procure a candle, which was soon brought in by LT. E. KERBY, and the meeting proceeded at once to business.

CAPT. THOMASON arose and remarked that LT. COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE would present, in case of a Celebration on the 22° of Feb. a POEM. A General Committee of 15 was accordingly appointed by the Chair, for the purpose of completing all necessary arrangements: viz:

COL. J.S. BURREL,	CAPT. T. L. SPROTT,
MAJ. J. GRAY,	" D. TORREY,
CAPT. S. G. BAILEY,	" J. DILINGHAM,
" W. P. COE,	" A. N. PROCTOR,
" A. JOHNSON,	" F.W. NOBLETT,
" S. E. THOMASON,	LIEUT. B.F. WRIGHT,
" U.W. WASHBURN	" COX,
LT. C.C. McDOWELL.	

After the appointing of this Committee, CAPT. J. DILINGHAM desired to know how this Committee were to be sustained Financially; upon which it was decided that a proper Committee should call upon the Public by way of subscription for a Fund sufficient to accomplish all that could be done towards making this celebration a day one to be remembered with pleasure long years after the present struggle for LIBERTY and UNION shall have gone by, and we returned again to the peaceful walks of life! DILINGHAM then moved an adjournment, for the meeting of the Committee immediately following. After a vote to that effect had been taken its adjournment was declared by the Chair.

Those of the meeting not belonging to the Committee appointed at once left the hall, with the exception of CAPT. MAY, who remained as Reporter for the "FLAG."

COL. BURREL, who had been sent for as soon as appointed to the Chair, now made his appearance, gave thanks and acknowledged the honor conferred upon him, but thought one of fewer years than himself, whose sands of Life were now nearly run out, might better have been chosen from among so many gentlemen of legal and literary attainments present, of which he possessed none; that he was in favor of the object of keeping up the birth day of the Father of our Country – and after a few touching remarks on our Homes far away, accepted the position.

CAPT. MAY was then voted Secretary of the Committee.

CAPT. BAILEY introduced a Resolution, appointing a Sub-Committee consisting of THREE, on POEMS and ORATIONS, which was carried; and the Chair appointed CAPT. BAILEY, CAPT. S.E. THOMASON, and CAPT. JOHNSON. Captain B then presented a Resolution that another Committee be appointed to attend to the procuring of Vocal and Instrumental Music – carried, and CAPTAINS COE, WASHBURN, and PROCTOR were appointed. Following which CAPT. THOMASON introduced a Resolution appointing a Committee of Five on TOASTS, Carried and MAJ. GRAY, CAPTAINS TORREY, Dilingham, Baily and LT. WRIGHT were appointed. CAPT. S.E.T. now presented a resolution to the effect that a Committee consisting of FIVE be appointed whose duty shall be to select the grounds for Speaker and make such other small arrangements as necesary; and to form the PROGRAMME – Carried, and Capt. JOHNSON, McDowell, S[illegible]tt, Noblett and LT COX were appointed. Moved by CAPT. BAILEY that the President of the General Committee act as general adviser on all Sub-Committees – carried. CAPT. DILINGHAM suggested that the Chairman, COL. BURREL, act as MARSHAL OF THE DAY on the 22d – carried unanimously. Here it was moved by CAPT. B'y that the Secretary read the names of the Committees appointed, which was done. In agreement with a motion by CAPT. WASHBURN, the subject of Refreshments was left to the care of the Committee on Toasts.

A Resolution introduced by CAPT. BAILEY, that a committee on FINANCE be appointed consisting of THREE, was carried, and MAJ. R.C. ANTHONY, MAJ. J. GRAY, and CAPT. F.W. NOBLETT were appointed thereon; to which the Chairman was afterwards added.

After a short discussion upon various minor topics a Resolution moving an adjournment until FRIDAY EVE'G at 7 o'clock, was made, all sub-committees then to report progress. Carried, and the meeting declared adjourned.

IN accordance with the adjournment of the meeting of the 17th at Undaunted HALL, the Committee again met, but adjourned again until the following morning, for the purpose of consulting in the mean time with the COL. Commanding the Post. On the morning of the next day, they again held a brief session, when the improbability of successfully carrying out the Programme of the first meeting became evident; an adjournment followed soon after its organization, to come together again Saturday eve'n'g at 7 o'clock. At that hour the Committee again met, when the Sub-Committee on Refreshments reported it impossible to procure with love or money, the necessary Refreshments. At 10 o'clock A.M. on Monday morning the Committee met for the last time a few pleasant remarks were indulged in, and adjourned SYNE-DIE.

THE CELEBRATION!

AT about eleven o'clock A.M. of the 22d of February, the buildings and Streets about FIFTH AVENUE and 42d Street were literally blue with the "Yanks" assembled preparatory to some remarks from LT. COL. J. B. LEAKE, and in anticipation of a treat in the form of an original POEM from LT. COL. A J. H. DUGANNE.

In the remarks made by LT. COL. LEAKE, was exhibited and communicated through the entire assembly a flow of pure patriotism, and was virtually a powerful appeal to all to imitate the glorious example shown in the life of GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON: to remain in the hour of trial and darkness to the great cause, firm and true to the principles of the Government and to its administrators – placing faith in the moral power on the side of the Union, for finally complete success, and its restoration more powerful as a Nation than ever before. It was no elaborate and prepared Oration, yet lacked nothing in interest or delivery from the fact of its being extempore.

At the conclusion of this address LT. COL. A.J.H. DUGANNE arose and delivered the following POEM, which was rendered in the most affecting style. Any remarks even though we had the room in this number of our paper, were useless to our readers, as the POEM itself aside from the name of its author, is sufficient in its praise.

WASHINGTON.

WHO bids me sing! What theme my soul dilates!
A Captive, whispering to its captive mates?
Can Glory's raptures thrill the fettered thralls,
Whose captured banners droop from TREASONS walls!
Can Valor's story nerve the shackled hands
Whose broken sword-blades rust in rebel sands
Or lifted, vengeful, threat with cruel strife
Our Country's Union and our Freedom's life?
In vain my harp the charms of home would sing
Quick-gathering tears from answering eyelids spring
And all the heart's deep sorrow, softly stirred,
O'er-whelms our manhood at that one dear word,
Home, where the WIFE sits, numbering, day by day,
The long, long hours that steal her hopes away;
With low-drawn sigh, and voiceless prayer, to wait
The step that comes not to her lonly gate.
Home, where the children, prattling War's acclaim,
Through mimic trumpets, lisp their father's name;
But, wondering, pause, to note with childish fears,
The eyes that watch them, dim with sudden tears,
And, trembling, ask, of lips that must be dumb,
Why mother weeps! why Father will not come?

Dear home! sweet home! how many a warm heart beats–
How many a lip the loved one's name repeats,
Where Maine exults on stormy ocean's brim,
And HAMPSHIRE lifts to Heaven her mountain hymn;
Where MASSACHUSETTS sits, like matron free,
And fair RHODE ISLAND slumbers at her knee;
Where dwells CONNECTICUT, midst emerald vales,
And where MANHATTAN spreads her snowy sails,
And rolls her iron chariot-wheels, and shakes
Her golden garners o'er the Northern lakes.

God bless our homes – from East through boundless West.
The hallowed shrines of all the heart loves best!
From blue OHIO to COLORADO'S marge,
And over IOWA'S prairies, green and large,
And where the winding ILLINOIS outflows,
Or INDIANA with silvery harvest glows,
And fair ARKANSAS skirts the INDIAN strand,
And where the red man's loyal wigwams stand,–
There sleep our homes, where tender hearts, like doves,
Brood o'er the memory of their absent loves!

Awake, my Harp! thy song to Heaven aspires.–

A Nation's memories climb thy sounding wires!
Awake, my harp! and thrill with lofties sway,
A Nation's Father lends from Heaven this day,
From Heaven's high hills, where Freedom's angel wake
Closest to God, within the eternal gates:
Where Freedom's martyrs, winged with crimson scars,
Gleam through the azure fields of endless stars!
From Heaven the Hero comes — his awful mien
Troubled yet calm, and sorrowing yet serene.
With trembling glance his awful shade I mark,
Break through the storm and cleave the midnight dark.
O'er ice-browed Andes leans his sworded hand—
His rushing footfall spurns Pacific's strand;
His helmet gleams o'er Alleghanian snows—
His lifted shield, o'er hushed Atlantic glows
His breast I see, beneath celestial wings—
And there—and there—my bleeding country clings;
Clings as a mother to her first born son—
Her hero-child—her godlike WASHINGTON!

Land of the North! where loud Niagara's roll
Voices to Heaven a free-born Nation's soul!
Land of the North where wild Atlantic waves
Baptise for Freedom's faith the souls of slaves!
From all thy plains, on all thy breezes borne,
How swells the exulting song this sacred morn!
Whose manhood's shout and childhood's lisping tone
The dear-loved name of WASHINGTON repeat;
By Tranquil Hudson's sunlit wave they kneel,
Where WASHINGTON first turned the invader's steel;
On Trenton's plain and Monmouth's field they pray
Where WASHINGTON retrieved the eventful day.
And rolled hymns through Schuylkill's wintry gorge
Where once arose his prayer—from Valley Forge!

And thou imperial West, whose sylvan tongue
Hymned unto God while Saturn yet was young;
From voiceful symphonies of waving woods,
And solemn calms of silent solitudes.
And low, soft melodies of breezes bland;
And rolling harmonies of rivers grand!
Thou nurse of empires, at whose fostering heart
All nations drink, and all have equal part:
Enthroned on harvests—girt by gorners wide—
Thy wealth our wonder, and thy power our pride
Majestic West! thy millions kneel this hour,
To praise the Eternal for Their Freedom's dower:
By Mississippi's shores their anthem flows,
And where Missouri laps her mountain snows;
And where the OHIO, nursed by crystal rills
Leaps to thine arms from Pennsylvanian hills!
There shalt thou kneel, O mightiest West, and tell,
Where Washington survives and Braddock fell—
When the young hero jeered, with mailed hand,
The mystic gates that sealed our Western land!

Land of the South! whose glorious life distils
Balm from thy vales and odors from thy hills!
Thy brow all sunshine and thy heart all fire—
Thy breath a vintage and thy voice a lyre;
Land where the air with wildering fragrance swoons
And all the woodlands thrill with golden runes;
Land where the Morn with nectared kisses woos,
And where the soft Night weeps ambrosial dews!

O Queenly Southland! crowned and crost with flow-(ers
Thy silken dales that mark the year's sweet hours
Lilies whose silvery moons no tempest mars,
Roses like suns, and violets like the stars!
Thy throne the summer and thy realm the soul,
Whose charmed senses own thy soft control
All beauteous South! thy heart must share and (claim
Our Father's kindred and our Hero's fame!
Thy myrtle blooms his radiant brows to twine—
His name—his heritage—his birth place thine!
We yield thee this—bright mistress of the sun:
Thy blossoming flowers first cradled Washington!

Virginia! from whose breast the milk outran,
That nursed with godlike strength the immortal man,
Whose sacred graves enshrine the hero's clay.
Where wondering pilgrims pause, and patriots pray;
Virginia! underneath whose trampling heel
Sceptres lie crushed, and crownless tyrants kneel—
From thee, from thine, he drank his impulse brave:
For thee—for us—this broads, free land he gave!
From thy blue hills his soaring sense he caught—
They share his fames, but all the world his thought!
Thy gates the portals whence his soul outpiercd—
But all the earth a temple for his deeds!
Thy zero-chiefs the priesthood of his shrine—
That all mankind might learn his faith divine:
The faith that shatters thrones and sunders chains
And floods with freedom's tides the bondmans' veins,
And shapes from freemen's souls the Almighty's fanes!

O proud Virginia! loftiest was thy trust—
His grand examples, and his peaceful dust!
Thou wert our Mecca—thou our Delphic ground
Where kneeling seers were awed with Voice profound
Thee clustering round, uptowered the shielding States
And young Republics kept thy sunset gates!
From northern mountains and from southern leas
From orient headlands and from westering seas—
Each gladsome breeze now freights of blessings wons,
For Old Virginia—Nurse of Washington!
And o'er thy hills it broods—that form of might—
Parting the storm and towering through the night—
That awful Presence, moving from above,
Grief on its brow, but in its glances—love!
From heaven it comes, o'er Vernon's glom descend
And where my mournful country kneels, it bend
And softly murmurs—sheltering her head—
"What ails thee, mother! Are thy children dead!"

She hears his voice, and wakes from sleeping trance,
Her ebbing life-tides swayed beneath his glance!
That mailed breast, that souring helm she sees,
And the strong hand that lifts her from her knees;
And now she speaks, whilst all my flittering breath
Waits for her voice, but hears no word she saith!
For muttering winds upswell, and thunders roll,
And the wild Tempest frights my listening soul!
I only hear, around Mount Vernon's tomb,
The roar of cannon and the crash of bomb.
I only hear, warm Virginia's air
The drums wild rattling, and the trumpet's blare,
While charging armies shake the shuddering meads,
And the hills reel with mingling men and steeds,
And the wide land with mortal wound out-bleeds!
I only, hear the shout, the curse, the groan;
I only hear a low, heart-broken moan,
Where sinks my country's head, where droops her head
And the great Voice demands, in whisper dread,
"What ails thee, Mother! Are thy children dead!"

Dead! dead! O heaven! the child is worse than dead
Who scorns her breast where first his tendrness fed;
Dead! worse than dead! whose heart, unfleshed with ruth,
That mother hates who watched, his tenderest youth!
And spurns the matron crown that mother wore,
And leaves her sorrowing for the sons she bore.
And whence the gain? what heritage survives,
O'er wasted treasures, and o'er squandered lives,
Are hatred's heirlooms, hurled from son to son,
More dear than lives that linked all hearts as one:
Can sundered hearth-stones gleam with ruddier blaze,
Than the old fireside of our father's days?
Can alien halls the old, old home replace,
Or alien births our father's graves efface??
Samaria's priests may build on Gerizim;
But Mount Moriah still shrines the cherubim!
Sanballat's seed may drop from Hebrew stem,
But Israel dwells where dwells Jerusalem.
O Washington! thou drewest our faith from heaven!
Be heaven, through thee, our freedom's law was given!
Thy hope our Union, and our honor thy gift,
To thee, this day our Nation's hands we lift!
But veil thine eyes, and bow thy sorrowing head!
These hands, this day, with crimson drops are red—
With crimson life-blood from thy country's veins!
O Father! weep! weep! and wash out the stains!

MARRIAGE AND ELOPEMENT IN HIGH-LIFE!!

In this borrough, on the evening of the 28th of February, 1868 (by candle-light) by Chief justice MORTON, at the Office of His Excellency, Mr H.C. DANE, and Miss. S.E. THOMASON, both of this place. When last heard from, they were stepping at the FIFTH AVENUE HOUSE, evidently in blissful ignorance of the fact that the particulars of their disgraceful elopement was well known and understood by all in the House.

TO TRAVELLERS!!

THE FIETH AVENUE HOTEL.

We desire to call the attention of Travellers and the Public generally to the fact of our having taken charge of the above well known and commodious establishment, and to say that we are now fully prepared to accommodate all who will give us a call.

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The finest CROCKER-Y is used at this establishment.

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For further particulars, enquire of STEVENSON, GOE & Co.

N.B.—A "FREE-AND-EASY" under charge of WM. JOHNSON, semi-weekly.

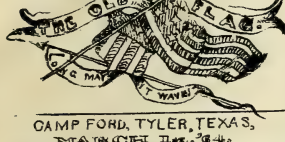
BY MULE EXPRESS!

EXCHANGE!

By "JOHNSON'S MULE EXPRESS," which reached this point at 25 minutes past 11o'clock, Feb. 29th, and just as we were "making-up" this last column of our paper preparatory to "going to press," we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not ALL of the Federal Prisoners, now confined at CAMP FORD, Tyler, Texas, would be exchanged and in their own lines one month from this date; and that they are to leave their present camp, for such exchange about the 17TH of MARCH!

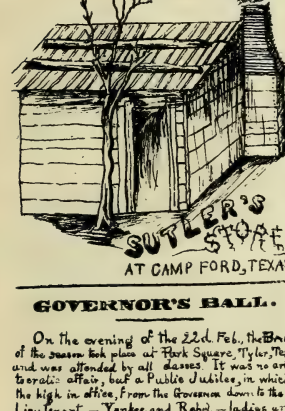
There is no doubt of this.

* But vain the unequal strife! would Baalam curse!
His trembling lips God's blessings still release.
Would Korah rule! The earth drinks Israel's cries,
And plagues descend where Israels rebels rise!
Forcasaries still o'er traitors quick or dead,
A Nation's feet their deadlined course must tread!
And where the Ark of Freedom heads its march,
God's Pillar leads, and Angel wings do arch.



CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS,
MARCH 1st, '68.

Herewith we present the readers of the FLAG a hasty, sketch, received from our Artist, Staal Penn, Esq. which tells us is intended to represent the



AT CAMP FORD, TEXAS.

GOVERNOR'S BALL.

On the evening of the 22d. Feb., the BALL of the season took place at Park Square, Tyler, Texas and was attended by all classes. It was no aristocratic affair, but a Public Jubilee, in which the high in office, from the Governor down to the 2d Lieutenant — Yankee and Rebel — ladies and gentlemen — all mingled together as readily as "water and oil."

The attraction of the evening was, as a matter of course, His Honor Gov. SAMUEL MORTON, who, with a clean "biled" shirt on and his feet clean-washed, was the admiration and pride of all present! The ladies in particular were much "took" with his youthful and graceful appearance — his fine figure and fine clothes, especially the Belle of the B— — g Miss McLinnidan. Miss M— was dressed in the height of Texan fashion, though bordering slightly on the Homer costume. Not alone her dress attracted the admiration of all, but

"With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her as a queen
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight."

One little circumstance seemed for the time being to have created some unpleasant forebodings for the future in one act of the Governor, near the close of the ball — we allude to his Honor's dancing with a Negro! We feel confident Gov. M— did this thing having in view the achievement of no distinct day, of some great public good! Gov. M. has a long head on his shoulders, and never performs an act of any description, having no object in view for the Public good — or his own. Trust him, friends, trust him implicitly!

But of the Ball: the excellent Sinaina Club, under the faithful leadership of Lt. JOHN WOODWARD, was present, and between the dances discoursed some excellent music; in the phrase used as title for the book from which they sang, it was "Tip-Top!"

The Instrumental Music of the Band was fine and we are all much indebted to Lt. Wm. Johnson for his correct and prompt calling off.

TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY!

SAMUEL MORTON, OF INDIANA!

ELECTED GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF TEXAS, BY A LARGE MAJORITY!

But for the presence of some two or three half-drunken bullies the Election would have been an exhibition of patriotism and order. We cannot consistently with our feelings of duty to the Public, — due from us as the established medium of communication on such important affairs, pass over these remarks without referring to the leader of these ruffians. Pat. McFinnegan, is a man who has in more than one instance defied even our effective Police, and this day, in his "half-seas-over" ferocity, dared to "talk back," in the most bullying manner, to his Excellency the Governor; and at this stage of the proceedings, serious misgivings were entertained by Gov. M— that he should be compelled to call out the Militia to prevent, what such a general outburst of indignation as pervaded the immaculable portion of the crowd indicated — a conflict between the indignant supporters of his Excellency and this bully and his party, whose great boast throughout the day was — "SOUND DEMOCRAT!" But "M.P." Page himself took the rascal from the polls, and comparative order was once more restored.

The Governor was at the voting head-quarters most of the time, and his commanding and lofty appearance must, aside from all points of principle involved, have contributed much towards his . Every voter which could beget, at, was sought to the polls.

Hon. I. S. Burrell was brought by a few of the most enthusiastic and indefatigable of the "drummers" to the polls, in his rocking-Chair, and voted the straight Union Ticket! Much regret was felt by many present at the report brought us that our esteemed fellow citizen, W. S. B— Esq., was too aged and infirm to bear a trip to the polls. He manifested much regret at his inability to cast just one more vote for LIBERTY and the Union, but like a true Patriot and a Christian, resigned himself to the claims of old Father Time. The Governor delivered the following eloquent address, after his election had been declared, which was taken down word for word as it fell from the great man's lips, by our own special Correspondent on the spot.

Taking his havana segar from his mouth with that peculiar grace and lofty flourish, which so distinguishes the Smokers of the Capital from those of the country bar-room, he lifted his hat from his head, looked down upon the immense assembly, swelling with their throats in their hearts, the words of wisdom which all seemed to have an intuitive conviction about to be uttered, and — opened his mouth. (At this stage of the proceedings, the outburst of applause was huge. It was some minutes before the cheering stopped — mean while his Excellency kept his mouth open.) "FELLOW CITIZENS!" (five minutes incessant applause, at this compliment from the Governor!) "I was sent by my Government to Egypt!" (Cheers, and cries of "Hear! Hear!") "and shall pursue to the bay for the Abolitionists in this State, to the extension of my ability!" (Renewed applause from nearly all sides — with a hisses from Finnigan's Supporters!) A voice enquired, what he would do with the Nigger? "To this most difficult problem which has bothered the Nation's representative men for years, the Governor's ready reply, clear brief yet to the point, was only one of the thousands and one other evidences constantly criminal of his greatness. He said — "I will free him!" (Here the cheers and hisses were of sufficient length for his Excellency to repair to the Fifth Avenue House and take a drink; but as they had nothing at the bar but Adam's Ale, and he not in the habit of indulging in anything stronger than Whiskey, he merely took occasion to wipe the sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his (ready-made!) coat, having left his silk pocket handkerchief at home on the piano.) "All Gambling and drinking-Saloons must close before 2 o'clock A.M!" (Cries of "hully hey, do.")

The enthusiasm of the crowd was now so great that they could no longer keep "hands off," and accordingly his Excellency was treated to an affectionate mauling, and an airline trip through the crowded streets!

The danger of driving fast teams through our streets on such days is to great to be allowed. As a child of Mrs. Page was crossing the street in front of the new house of Lt. Gov'r, Capt. Johnson's fast Confederate Mule came tearing down at a terrible racking gate, the child was knocked down — its head coming in contact with the pavement, caused such a flow of blood, that many were lead to believe that another life had been butchered!

☞ The following sublime invocation to LIBERTY was composed by CAPT. E. CROSMAN, U.S.N., for the celebration of the 22d and is so beautiful to be passed unnoticed by:"

LIBERTY.

Maiden of the Freeses Free,
Gentle joyous Liberty!
Not in prison walls you dwell,
Flying for the captive cell,
Roving over dale and hill,
Choosing with your changing will,
And, (as any maiden may,)
Fond of having your own way.

Liberty! oh! Liberty!
He who comes on bended knee,
Though he may no other sin-true,
Sure am I, will never win you;
For all idle talk of dying,
Kneeling, feeling, crying, sighing,
Which some silly girls think true,
Goes but little way with you.

He who comes to you a wooing,
Must be up and dressed and doing;
He who win you, bold must be —
Maidens smile on bravery;
He who'd taste a kiss of honey,
Mustn't stand on spending money;
Such can win you — o'er and o'er —
Man have, many maids before.

But a pretty price, they say,
He who has you, has to pay;
Ne'er himself to slumber letting;
Keep an eye on your coquetting;
For in all your maxy dances,
You are fond of giving glances;
While your pretty eyes grow brighter,
Winking at a handsome fighter.

☞ SHANN'S-MARE, VS. TRANSPORTATION — We have heard it suggested that a FUND be contributed at once, with a view to render the journey to our lines, whenever the time shall come, as easy as possible: and that the first draft on said fund be for the hiring of a Four-Mule Team. Probably $25. per day would cover this expense, and such a commodity would lessen the fatigues of the Tramp materially. We sincerely hope this matter will be attended to immediately — if not sooner!

N.B. The team engaged for moving the materials of the office of the OLD FLAG will be so heavily loaded to permit any live freight else than the Editor himself to ride thereon — unless, per-chance Governor Morton prefer to ride!

NEW BOOKS.

In Press:— We are happy to announce that we have now in press, and will issue soon a new work of rare scientific interest. The title is "AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE CAUSE OF OLD AGE IN MULES, AND SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE REMEDY." By J. DILINGHAM late U.S.N. The Captain, we have been informed, had not previously given much attention to scientific or literary pursuits, beyond those connected with his profession — and those he of course, went in on "on the deck." We are indebted for this production to the fact that he was ruthlessly torn from his briney home, and subjected to a monotonous imprisonment. At first our auth or seemed to have lost all interest in life; but so active a mind could not always be kept quiet. For some reasons of state, which the author does not mention, he was removed from one place of imprisonment to another, until he was at last brought to this place. On the road he was permitted to use an animal which he says was called a mule. He became interested in this animal; he thought there was something peculiar about this particular mule: he enquired of one of these Texans, (who he says reminded him of some persons he once met during a voyage to an African Port,) what was the matter with the mule? He replied, "guess he done got fo old." The Captain asked how he thought he got it. Texan didn't know! The author was interested, and commenced a series of investigations. The subject was full of difficulties; the disease seemed to progress right along, without any apparent cause. The Captain watched it closely; how closely, those of our readers, who have seen him sitting on the hill-side, his eyes rivited on the mule for hours at a time, lost in deep thought, can only know. At last the mule disappeared. The Captain was seen afterwards frequently leaving 'camps' and remaining long periods. What became of this mule is not for us to say, but we all know what scientific men of the purest lives are compelled to resort to, to obtain the secrets of human anatomy. The problem which baffled him so long, has been solved, and the author triumphantly presents the solution in this little volume. We wish it could have been done at a less sacrifice — but when fully aroused, Science is remorseless. Peace be with her victims; their loss is our gain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The neatest set of chess-men yet
We think Lt. Bailey owns;
They're not, indeed, the largest set,
Yet resemble much those made of bones.

☞ SEND in your NAMES.— Undoubtedly before many more moons shall have come and waned, the majority of the inhabitants of this Place will have been taken from our midst, by that relentless disease to wit PRINCIPLE EVOMNEAS; are this be done, we desire the full NAME and Post Office Address of every person here, whether a subscriber to The FLAG or not. This is the shortest and surest manner of compiling the list, and we earnestly hope all will accede to us as above.

☞ MONETARY.— Gold sold on 5th Avenue at Auction by Hammond, at 20 for 1, Confederate, on Friday, Feb. 26th 1864.

☞ How do we know that Capt. Johnson's mule has got nephews or nieces? Because we know she is AUNTY DELUVIAN

☞ TURNING AND CARVING — CAPT. AMOS JOHNSON, assisted by first-class artists has engaged in the business of CARVING PIPES. A specimen of his work in holly-wood, may be seen by applying to the designing Committee, Messrs. C. Nott and Dilingham.

☞ WHY is LT. COL. A. H. DUGANNE'S new Mansion on Fifth Avenue like a false whisker supporter?
Ans:—Because it holds a beard—(beard.)

REVIEW OF THE TEXAS MARKET.

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1864.

ASHES, (SODA)	per 100 lbs	$14.00
ANNATTOS, common	" pound	1.00
APPLES, green, small, sour	" bushel	20.00
BAG,	" yard	1.00
BUTTER,	" pound	2.00
BOOTS,	" pair	125.00
BROOMS,	" dozen	4.00
BUTTONS, (bone)	" gross	1.00
BELTS (Sword)	"	50.00
BLANKETS, rubber,	"	50.00
CORN MEAL	" bushel	20.00
CANDLES, tallow	" pound	5.00
CLOTH, Home-spun, jeans,	" yard	5.00
CHICKENS	" dozen	50.00
COFFEE, Rincon	" pound	2.50
COMB, horn	" dozen	1.00
CORD, tin	"	
CARDS, planing (coffin)	" pack	10.00
" for cotton carding	" pound	2.00
DRAWING, cotton	"	25.00
EGGS	" dozen	2.50
ENVELOPES	" pack	2.00
FLOUR, WHEAT	" 100 lbs	90.00
" (Confederate)	"	
FORKS and KNIVES, Table	" pair	20.00
HAMS	" lb	2.00
HONEY	" "	2.50
HATS, soft	" piece	24.00
KNIVES, and	" doz.	60.00
LEAD, PENCILS, (flat ones)	"	1.50
LEAD	" 100 lbs	40.00
MATCHES, (100 in a box)	" box	1.00
MOLASSES, Rincon	" gal	20.00
NAILS, (Market dressed)	" 100 lbs	200.00
OVERALLS, Private Army	" piece	100.00
POTATOES, Sweet	" bushel	10.00
PEPPER, black	" lb	5.00
PEAR	" "	1.00
PAPER, Writing	" Ream	150.00
PANTS, ready-made	" pair	50.00
PEACHES, dried	" lb	1.00
PANS, tin, (Cake)	" piece	45.00
PLATES, common	" "	3.00
PAILS, wooden	" "	5.00
SOAP, soft	" lb	1.00
" hard	" "	2.00
SUGAR, brown	" "	1.25
STRINGS, Violin "E"	" piece	3.00
" "G"	" "	5.00
SECKS, wool	" pair	5.00
SHOES	" "	125.00
SHIRTS, extra	" piece	20.00
SALT	" bush	32.00
SPELLING BOOKS	" "	2.00
TOBACCO, small, hand-filler leaf	" piece	1.00
" wrapper leaf	" lb	2.00
" Twist	" "	2.00
" Segars	" M	250.00
TURKIES, (small)	" piece	6.00
TOOTH BRUSHES, (common)	" "	2.50
THREAD, linen	" skein	1.00
WHISKEY, (per article)	" gal	50.00
" single drink at Houston	" drink	5.00

BY U. G. TELEGRAPH!

PROCLAMATION!

BY THE

PRESIDENT.

IN virtue of the authority in me vested by the CONSTITUTION, it is hereby ordered that an Election of Congressmen from the State of Texas take place on FRIDAY, MARCH 9th, 1864, said Officers to be duly chosen by the loyal supporters of His Excellency, Wm. SAMUEL MORTON. The Polls to be open from sun-rise to sun-set of the same day.

It is also ordered that His Excellency the Governor cause to be in force at the Polls throughout the entire day, as a 'Ballot-Box Guard' a force of no less than twenty-five armed men.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
PRESIDENT.

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

In compliance and pursuance of this important Order from the President, we have to publish the following

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR!

GOD-AND-TOR-AL CHEER, NOT
WATER STREET, FORD-BORROUGH,
TEXAS, MARCH 1st, 1864.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

In compliance with the Ageing order from Mister ABE LINKUN, I do now hereby order that said election take plais as there-mon-dered. & furthermoar, that Prove Marshal R.H. STOTT Bee on ☞ at the poles with a 4se of knott less than 25 Able Bodied mens, 2 reserve the peice.

Xe Qtd under mi ☞ and the Public Seel of the Stait of Texas.

S. MORTON,
Governor.

R.C. Anthony,
Ad't Gen'l.

MAP OF FORD-BORROUGH, TYLER, TEXAS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. G. BAILEY.
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,
NO. 4 WATER ST,
SECOND DOOR FROM OFFICE OF THE "FLAG."
N.B.— PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, CANES, FANS, &c., REPAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

NEW
PIPE MANUFACTORY.
Every description of
PIPES.
REFERANCES:
CAPT. J. DILINGHAM and ENSIGN REYNOLDS.
A. J. H. DUGANNE, & Co.
N.B.-BOTTOMS WARRANTED, AND CARVED BY CAPT. AMOS JOHNSON — TRAVELING AGT. MAJ. G. ANTHONY.

"HERE'S YOUR MULE!!"
FOR SALE,
The fine BROWN MARE MULE, ROSA,
Perfectly sound, kind in all Harness, and delightful under the Saddle — Cannot be surpassed for style and intelligence. This fine animal must be sold, as her Owner is confined to his quarters, and cannot take his daily mounted exercise
FOR PARTICULARS, enquire of the Proprietors of the CITY LIVERY STABLE, rear of the Fifth Avenue House.
TERMS:—In CONFEDERATE MONEY, $1500 or in GREEN-BACKS, $330.

MUSICAL!
The undersigned are now ready to furnish at short notice good MUSIC FOR DANCING, Concerts, &c., &c.
TERMS, as reasonable as the present worthlessness of Confederate Money will admit.
WM. H. MAY, Manager and Violinist.
R.W. MARS, Banjo.
S.E. THOMASON, Flute.
E.J. COLLINS, Fife.

LESSONS ON THE BANJO!
R.W. MARS,
COR. PARK ROW AND 5TH. AV.
TERMS:— REASONABLE.

The Old Flag

Vol. 1. FORD CITY, MARCH 19th, 1864. No. 5.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OLD FLAG.]

HIGH-BIRD; OR, THE LEAGUE OF BLOOD!

A TALE OF THE MYSTERIES AND MISERIES OF FORD CITY, TEXAS.

BY MEIGH, D. K.

CHAPTER 1.

THE MIDNIGHT PROWLER.

Hark! dost hear the thunder roll?
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

It was the still hour of midnight! The winds of Heaven wailed a mournful dirge at the doors of the tenements of the inhabitants of Ford City, and the weary conscript more closely hugged—not the old Flint-lock, but—the large log fire, blazing on his hearth, while the Sergeant of the Guard, wrapped his carpet-bag, hot still closer about his aged form, dreaming of

"The dangs of yare,
Wiss, he had a mopes,
Of Flour and meat,
Than he could eat,"

and d——d the "S. C."

At this lonely hour "a man might have been seen slowly wending his way" through the now quiet streets of this Yankee City. He was wrapped in a Confederate blanket, drawn closely about his face as a protection against the biting wind and sleet. Let us follow this man. Why does he dodge behind that large chimney! Ah! there comes that faithful guardian of the night—Watchman Hay Lay—it must be him this mysterious person avoids encountering.

"Past 12 o'clock and all is sully!" is the Watchman's cry, as he passes up Fifth Avenue, and is soon lost to view.

Now the mysterious night-prowler resumes his way, crosses a portion of Park Square and passing around to the rear of a low, one-story building, signals those within for admission.

"One! two! three knocks, and a deep moan—a chicken crows within—the strangger answers by a noise much resembling the squeal of a pig!—the door is opened, and he disappears from our view.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS AND THE CRUEL PARENT.

THE "God of Day" had sunk to rest behind a mountain of fire, and pale Luna—if we remember correctly—or this occurred in the East.

Seated in a fine arm-chair, which was the strength of back and durability of leg, from a master-piece, in front of the Fifth Avenue House, was our lovely heroine, Miss Julia Wilkemena Dennis, engaged in the delicious pastime of smoking a pipe!

Many the aspirant for that hand had she turned away, among them one who had loved her almost to madness! The man—of powerful frame, and an immense beard, nearly reaching to his eyes—was well known as HIGH-BIRD! he had sworn a fearful oath, that on him she placed her fair hand's affections, his vengeance should fall, and the fair girl trembled for the life of her darling Phrye Manchase.

We would describe our lovely heroine, but knowing our inability to do her beauty of mind or person justice can only refer the reader to that portion of Milton's Paradise Lost" which describes her mother—Eve.

and desire them to apply the same to Julia.

Her gaze is fixed on a form coming up the Avenue. It is a tall, majestic, noble person—as straight as a rail—graceful in carriage, and as handsome in feature as "Honest Old Abe" himself! With a winning smile he flourishes a white handkerchief, bows his head with the grace of a mule, and with a meaning glance, passes by. Directly she rises from her seat of ease, rushes into the house, and soon after appears, with her bonnet on, and slowly and carelessly meanders up the street in the direction the handsome youth has gone. She is passing Shinplaster Alley, when he again appears, raises to her side, seizes her delicate fin, and clasps her to his original in an ecstasy of bliss!

"My precious Julia Wilhemena!"

"My darling Phrye Manchase!"

"Hark! a slap, me-thought I heard! cried Phrye.

"I tremble lest pa mistrust us," responded the happy girl.

"Of that I had wealth—he would then not be worthy you. But the day will come when he will be proud to own the new humble me, change as son-in-law! Know, darling, I have a plan laid for honors and riches! I feel, dearest that, I am a ——"

"SQUOREL!" cried the proud parient, suddenly shewing himself in a towering passion. "Away! you—d land-shark, and d——n earth you crawling about! These waiters again, I'll wring your d——d neck as sure as my name is BRINEY AMOS!!!"

CHAPTER III.

THE LEAGUE OF BLOOD!

LEAVE the midnight prowler of the door of a suspicious looking house on Park Square, we will enter where he did at the close of our last Chapter, and there is that occurring within which greatly concerns our story.

Seated around a large, long table were a half dozen as villainous looking set of men as ever met for hellish purpose.

As the new-comer stepped into their midst, they all rose and cried,

"Welcome, worthy Chieftain! All hail!"

"No!" responded the grum voice, "nothing but a cold rain—no hail!"

As the gloom advanced to this reply, he flung from him the Confederate blanket, and revealed the comely school form of HIGH-BIRD!

"Seat he—he—!" was all he got to be done, and will admit on the spot, that I want nine to engage with me in this work, but those whose hearts are of iron, and whose hands grow stronger and more steady at the flow of blood!

"Blood! Blood!" cried one after another, in amazement, if not somewhat in horror.

"Ay! Blood! Red life-blood must flow!! Come, are ye old women that ye must needs repeat that ye followed words! I want volunteers to step forward—less ye who would belong to HIGH-BIRD'S League or Blood!"

At once the whole moved forward as one man, and a cheer rose!

"'Tis well—let it be so recorded!"

Then slipping to the table on which stood a large iron kettle filled with drinks, cups, and piled his cup, raised it over his head, while the Chief remarked, and they repeated after him the following.

"By the Leagues of Blood! may the first blood shed under this new leader be a warning to all interlopers, whereby, who may deem it safe to cross the path of HIGH-BIRD, S Blood!

All drank and caroused until the small hours! were gone, and the last star of that night twinkling Vesian drink—Rye Coffee was drunk

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOWER MILLION!!

Tearly candle-light that notorious Dance House of John, Son & Co. UNPAUNTED HALL, Corner of Battery Place and Shinplaster Alley, began to fill with the fancy-men of the city, who, instead of remaining at their homes, entertaining and instructing their families by reading from the Tyler Reporter, or, playing Chess, or, be found, rightly in some of those low places, dancing with fewer women—else at the Fifth Avenue House, playing at billiards, or on the grave, making night hideous with their cries of debauchery.

The fiddler generally plays for his rum, getting disgustingly drunk, while a gay spirit comes in on the hanger, whooping at the kegs, and drinking—when not fighting—with the kings.

The light of the great log fire leant a strange and ghastly appearance to the revellers, as they sat and stood grouped about the room. At every fling or jump Jim-Crow of the dancers were drawn out horse-hair balls slamming of feet encouragement by such exciting cries as "right smart!" "gein' old man!" "Bully for Mad Anthony!" "Go in on the Gray mare!" and other immoral suggestions, words to that effect—when suddenly

A long, low, thrilling, shrilly shriek was heard!! All rushed to under the ponderous door, and emerging into the impenetrable darkness, beheld.

"A sight to narrow up the soul—
Freeze the hot blood—
Make the wild eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
The knotted and convoluted locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"

CHAPTER V.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

It was a fearful, yet a splendid sight! The entire block adjoining the UNPAUNTED HALL was wrapped in a blue sheet of mingled smoke and flames over this blue sheet the distracted inmates were vainly endeavoring to cast a wet blanket. The entire chimney of that palatial mansion occupied by the Duke of Wellington, and his staff, was a prey to the devouring element, and at all the lofty casements might have been seen the startled inmates, wildly wringing their hands and exposing charms which ought to have soothed to mercy even the demon of Ayson himself. Vainly waving her white kerchief to aid, could be discerned the amiable Lady Jemaina O'Pen, then in an interesting situation—the result of her recent elopement while at a former window, the Rt. Hon. Robin Redbreast, P.B., who writes for the Tyler Reporter, was endeavoring to reconcile himself to the impending fate, by chanting in a voice like the dying swan or poor Low the Indian, a neck and plunder ditty on the overturn of the cruel war. It was indeed a heart-rending scene! The stout hands of our gallant firemen almost failed them at this crisis, but they were rallying at the standard on shouts of Foreman Kerbe to repel the flames when—

A savage war whoop rung upon the midnight air!!

A legion of dusky forms danced defyingly around the flames, and the shuddering population of the city saw that they were surrounded by an invading war-party of Choctaws, Creeks and Cherokees.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RED Q!!!!!

OMAHAWKS gleamed in the crimson light, and a chorus of yells and whoops affrighted every heart. A tall plumed Chieftain led the Cherokees,

He was the nephew of Ross the mighty Sachem of that tribe and was a warrior of chivalrous bearing. But the Chacky leader was of another mould. He bore the lofty appellation of UNSLE-GEE, and delighted in rude sports and deeds of dreadful note. Behind him came OCHIMALTHA, the Creek leader, in all the dreadful glory of war-paint.

It was but a moment, and all seemed over. The pale-faces, taken by surprise, (like Brasheur Obj,) were completely paralyzed. Destiny shook her dreadful fange. Revenge brooded over the scene. Mercy fled beyond the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Despair's dark pinions settled down, like a buzzard bird of prey.

The gigantic savage, who bore the sounding name of OCHIMALTHA, seized the gentle lady O'Deign by her long dishevelled locks and was drawing around her throbbing temples his ensanguined scalping knife, when suddenly a noble and stalwart form broke through the ranks of red demons, and a clarion-voice rang on the din of battle.

It was her protector — the last lawful husband of that gentle victim! It was the renowned and puissant Traveller — SIR HENRICI O'DEIGH!

With one bound he sprang three hundred and sixty-six feet, and gathered his fainting spouse within one arm, whilst the other brandished a war club, which he had torne from a Patagonian giant on the banks of the Rhine. Confronting the editorial form of OACHI-MALTHA, he exclaimed in a voice like the roaring of an hungry insensous, a ragged Russian bear, or Bengal tiger in the forests of New Jersey —

"Avaunt, savage! o-r-r-r —"

"Who art thou?" demanded the Red Chief, as he licked the blood from his gory hatchet and glared at the intruder.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

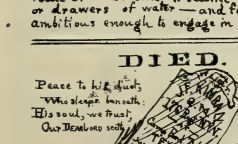
STATISTICS. — There have been manufactured by knife, in this Camp, since last September, over forty sets of Chessmen, of which LT. JOHN WOODWARD has himself completed eight of the best!

The number of Pipes turned out, as near as can be arrived at, is not less than Five Hundred — both of wood and clay.

GYMNASEUM. — A "muscle strengthener" has been erected at the foot of Water St, and another one at the foot of Fifth Avenue.

A very good thing for those who are too feeble or delicate to become "lovers of wood or drawers of water" — and for those who are ambitious enough to engage in both.

DIED.



Peace to his dust,
Who sleeps beneath.
His soul, we trust,
Our Dear God seeth.

Though stranger tread
Shall press this sod,
Soft rests the head
That rests with God.

SURGEON A.J. CUMMINGS, of the 42D Mass. Vols, at CAMP GRUCE, Sept. 9th. 1863.

2D. LT. B.F. BARTLETT, 42D Mass. Vols, Aug 22d. 1863.

1st. Lt. J.W. RUMSEY, 17th N.Y.V. Oct 11th. 1863.

2d. LT. MATHIAS HAYES, 17th. N.Y.V. Oct 18th, 1863.

FOR THE OLD FLAG.

AN OCEAN ADVENTURE.

BY HARRY M——— Author of The "Wild Boy of the Woods" — The Red Rover of the Green Mountains — The Virgin of Utah — and other tales, too numerous to mention — or any other name!

WHILE acting as Signal Officer on board the "TYDDA ADLA," ostensibly filled out as a Whaler from Cincinnatti, but really laden with a cargo of mess-pork and missionaries for the Fegee Islands, — The following scene took place, which has never before been revealed. It was during one of those long Tropical calms which are so irksome to the nautical traveller, not a ruffle disturbed the placid surface of the ocean. A large flock of Turkey-buzzards, were satisfying their delicate appetites from the carcass of a whale, we had a few days previously destroyed by a dexterous stern board movement of our sky-sail boom, which entered his vitals, and caused him to utter his death shriek, and emit those rainbow jets of blood and tallow, which are said to be the cause of the Aurora Borealis. I had arranged at the extreme end of the bow-sprit my arm chair, and was seated therein, and if I remember rightly, was engaged in reading a Speech of W.H. Seward, which I had taken down in shorthand the week previously. The serene, calm and undisturbed appearance of everything caused the most exhilarating emotions, which, alas! I have not the ability to describe.

Suddenly a cry of "Sail ho!" on the weather bow!" was heard from the cock-pit, "Hard up!" cried the Captain, in his stentorian voice. "Brace up and hard aft! Set shedding-sails alow and aloft. Hard up the fore gall and let the jib-runs keep her right in the windward!" all of which orders were executed in the midst of that sabbath calm which agitated the slumbering deep.

Not a breath of air disturbed the waters. The ships rapidly closed with each other. All hands were called to quarters and asked if they would stand by their brave commander; which was answered by the natural "Ahoy! and hitch of Tressers, customary among brave and jolly tars in well regulated ships. The stranger had approached within jib-boom distance of our gallant ship. It was about 2 P.M.; the scorching sun was descending with all its tropical force air battle lanterns were lit, and everything in readiness for the coming conflict.

The stranger hailed,

"Where are you from?"

"Canton, in China!" replied our intrepid commander. "Square the main-yard! Where are you from?"

"Cape Cod, in America!" thundered the no less valiant Captain of the sloop. "Heave off the main-sheet!"

Our gallant skipper threw his iron-bound trumpet to the Cook, retired to his cabin, and gave orders that he should not be disturbed, till the gale moderated.

The sloop shot like an arrow over the trackless ocean, and soon after providentially continued her voyage.

The next day we passed Cape Horn, and one week later I had the pleasure of reaching London.

But the perils of the trackless deep through which I had so miraculously passed, caused me to desire a less hazardous profession, and I soon after entered for practice at the noble British bar, with the privilege of seeking my clients on the Rhine, the Rhone, and the German Ocean.

WM. JOHNSON,
CORNER OF BATTERY-PLACE AND BROADWAY,
Chess-Men, Checker-Men, &c.

A GRAND MASQUERADE AND FANCY-DRESS BALL,
will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, March 19th, 1864, at PARK-SQUARE.
Good MUSIC by the "Ford City Band," and the Fiddler Guaranteed strictly Temperate!

CAMP Ford Pilosophy.

ILLUSTRATED BY A MORAL POEM, CALLED

THE JOLLY OLD COCK.

A jolly old cock
Was east on a rook —
A rock jutting out in the sea;
And said he to himself —
"I'm east on this shelf,
As Merit is used to be!
I don't care a curse;
It might have been worse,"
Said this jolly old cock, said he;
I've still got a lunch
To serve for a lunch,
And a capital view of the sea!
Who'd be this? who'd be that?
Who'd be lean? who'd be fat?
Who'd live — on the thread of life sewer?
There's always a bore
Of some kind in store
And will be forever and ever.
So I think I can die
Without piping my eye" * * * *
But a ship was just nearing the rock:
And he giggled with joy
When the crew cried "ahoy!"
And RESCUED this jolly old cock!!!

LATEST RUMORS. — On dit — that the unfortunate class of our citizens known as "gun-boats" are to be retained as prisoners until the blockade is raised.

Woodward & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CHESS-MEN, CHECKERS,
&c., &c. &c.,
Corner SOAP & FRONT STS.

THE OLD FLAG.

"Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given,
They dare have let the world alone,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

FORD CITY, MARCH 15TH. 1864.

PRIZE STORY!

For the best original story of not less than THREE nor more than FIVE columns of the FLAG, to be sent in by the First day of April, 1864, we will pay the magnificent sum of

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Payment to be made two years after the conclusion of the present War, in Confederate Money.

DONATION:— From the loyal supporters of the "OLD FLAG," we acknowledge to have received a splendid donation of CORN—federate money, which just at this particular period affords us needed succor. Editors are proverbially poor—even those single in life—but we, with wife, one small children, and nine at the breast, a small circulation and candles Fifty dollars per Hundred, had begun to contemplate the probability of soon having to remove our sanctum sanctorum to the Poor-house (Cor. Battery-Place and Shin-bone Alley.) when this god-send of "phunds" came, Finnigan-like, to the rescue; and in the words of Peter the Great, when the youthful George Washington, with his little hatchet chopped his trees down, "Richard is himself again!"

BUT!—Alas! we have discovered to our infinite sorrow the truth of that old adage, "money is the root of all evil!" No sooner had we this little fortune in our grasp than secret enemies, jealous of the success and rapid growth of our loyal little sheet sprung up all about us, and that which was intended as a blessing to us, threatens to become our bane by exciting envy and dissentions in the community. Better far for us to become a poor but honest parient, than to have our unhappy wealth, the fruitful mother of calamities to this peaceful and unsophisticated community of virtuous intelligent, patriotic, religious, and muscular citizens. We therefore succumb to destiny, and retire into private life, with the publication of this number. Henceforth let Big Kerbee with his British gold, undermine our sacred institutions! Henceforth let every cackling cockney, from England, with navy red in his pocket, navy sense in his head, insult our simple—and innocent—manners and customs, by invidious comparisons with his "Hold 'Hinglish "models." Our broken heart bids adieu to weeping subscribers, and to the brave phalanx of our Greek defenders! Farewell! Swindejous Mr Finnigan! Good bye, light-footed and ever active Avery. We tear ourselves away. We abdicate reign, and retire into voluntary exile, like Louis Philippe, or the elder Pickwick. Let this epitaph alone be recorded on our monumental pile,

Hic Jacet, (Here lies)
AN EDITOR,
Who died from the effects of his patrons paying up their subscriptions.

Copperheadism in our City!

We have to record another flagitious attempt to muzzle the free-press. We were assaulted last week, under a misapprehension by the Irish population, lead by Mr Finnigan and barely escaped with life. But justice compells us to say that Mc Finnigan's party had been crudely deceived by our secret enemies who spread the report that we were Know-Nothings. The slander nearly assassinated us, but we acquit Mr Mc Finnigan's brave countrymen of all blame. Mr. Mc. F—mag nanimously returned us our pocket book, of which we had been robbed in the melee by some base ruffian. Mr. Finnigan and the Emerald Islanders are now convinced of their error, and are heartily with us. Indeed we are indebted to them for our rescue from the last murderous attack which was planned and perpetrated by our hitherto concealed foes, the British party, led by that stalwart emissary of England, Big Kerbee the Fireman. He has circulated his British gold quite freely among certain low fellows of the baser sort" whom he terms his followers, and last Wednesday was emboldened to attempt a public and shameful outrage upon our person. Jealousy of our success, and rage at the sons of Erin who support us, are at the bottom of Big Kerbee's hostility. But we fear him not, and warn him and all others disguised braves, that we shall hereafter go ARMED, and sustain the freedom of press and of speech, at all and every hazard.

Verb. Sat. Sap.

A Still Later Assault!!!

While quietly taking notes on the occasion of the Great Prosher, we were attacked by an infuriated mob, who surrounded our printing establishment: we were forced to place a sentinel with a loaded musket at the door until our friends could be rallied to beat off the Copper-head myrmidons. Big Kerbee was conspicuous among the mobocrats.

YET LATER!

We have to record another attempt at our personal assassination! A gallows was erected in front of our door on Friday last, and we were threatened with Lynch Law if we refused to submit to mob-rule. The ruffians even went so far as to dig a trench, which they declared should be our Editorial Grave, but as the immortal Webster said, (when he said so!) "we ain't dead yet!"

LATEST!!

An infamous wretch has threatened to flog the Editor!

We laugh his puny menaces to scorn!!—and advise him to pay his debts!

EPIGRAMS.

ON OUR DAILY LABORS.

Two fields of daily toil we get,
To exercise our mess-men;
In one they turn a summer-set
In one a set of Chess-men.
On one or both our wind to breathe.
We don't know which we'd rather—
The first will bring you to a lathe,
The second to a— latther.

ON A NEW REVOLUTION.

Brave Captain Proctor ne'er should lack his [meat—
For he's the guardian of our Common Wheel.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We shall make it our first object on our arrival at New York city—which will probably be within a few weeks after our Exchange—to learn the practicability of getting the three numbers of the "Old Flag" Lithographed. Should the expence be too great to warrant our adopting this means of securing too similie copies, we shall print with types as nearly similar to the letters penned by us as can be procured, with headings and Illustrations engraved. We shall endeavor to make the copies close imitations of the original papers. In addition we propose to publish a few accurate pictures, delineating life at Camp Ford, Camp Groce, reprinted on sheets inserted in each number of the "Old Flag" with a Title Page, and complete List of the Officers Prisoners at this place, neatly bound.

To MRS COL. R.T.P. ALLEN.

All kindly acts are for the dear Lord's sake,
And His sweet love and recompence they claim:
"I was in prison—thus Our Savior spake,
"And unto me ye came!"

So, Lady! while thy heart with mother's love
And sisters pity cheers the captives lot,
Truth keeps no record in the courts above,
And THOU art not forgot.

Though nations war, and rulers match their [might
Our human bosoms must be kindred yet;
And eyes that glazed with battles lurid light,
Soft Pity's tears may wet.

Were all like thee, kind Lady, void of hates,
And swayed by gentle wish and peaceful thought,
No gulf would yawn between contending States,
No ruin would be wrought.

With sister's voice to chide when brothers frown,
With mother's love the angry sons to still—
With pious prayers to win God's blessing down—
With Peace the land to fill.

May all thy mature heart, with joy run over
For children spared to bless thy lengthened years—
Peace in thy home and plenty at thy door,
And smiles to dry all tears.

And may each cheering hope and nothing word
That thou to us, sad prisoners hast given,
Recalled by Him who all our prayers hath heard,
Bring thee reward in Heaven.

DXXXXXX

CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS, MARCH 14. 1864.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TERRIBLE LEAF FROM THE LOG OF AN OLD WHALER.— Our crew were a [illegible] and villainous looking set of fellows; they were the off-scourings from nearly every nation, and quarrelsome words and desperate oaths in all languages, might be heard at almost any time. They were agreed in nothing but to try and shirk all duty and hate their officers.

These never appeared on deck, or gave an order but they were met with black looks muttered curses, and other evidences of insubordination that gave me great uneasiness. My officers were fine young men, but very high spirited, and I felt that some insignificant insult at any time might precipitate a serious collision—possibly a mutiny and bloodshed.

To prepare against this, I caused all the arms to be removed to my state-room, kept my pistols carefully loaded and always near at hand. I was on the alert constantly and seldom left the deck.

Matters remained in this state nearly the whole passage, but when we had doubled the Cape and entered the [illegible] sunshine and the gentle breezes of the Lat. tides seemed to influence even these savages, and better feelings prevailed.

We were out by awandy and watching I felt the favorable opportunity to retire to my cabin, where, sleep soon overcame me, and dreams transported me to different and happier scenes. My anxious voyage was ended—I was approaching my home—all ready I could see my wife and children I stretched out my arm — when a terrific scream and scuffling on deck brought me to my senses, and in horrified amazement to my feet. Apparently the event I had so long feared was upon us. The crew, knowing that I was asleep, had improved the opportunity to seize on the officers and take the ship. Those screams were no doubt from my murdered officers, and the same fate now awaited me! The dear faces of which I had dreamed, I should never see more, and only after years of heavy heart-sick waiting would they learn my sad fate.

Overwhelmed with despair, but determined to sell my life dearly, I seized my pistols and rushed on deck. Gracious heavens!! what a sight met my eyes! Blood covered the decks—horror was in every eye. The cook, a fine looking Italian, stood over the fallen body, waving his long, gleaming knife, now crimsoned to the hilt. As he caught sight of me, he fell back, and I hastened to examine if life still remained, but alas! the blow was fatal—the pig was dead!

DEATH IN OUR BOROUGH.— In Pond City, on the night of March 4th, 1864, a youthful Pig—death caused by an over dose of Col. Nott's specific "The Lion of the Day!" taken for the purpose of committing corn-cide. Too much care cannot be exercised in the use of Sumac, as its narcotic and sleep-giving effects have been experienced by many. In reference to the deceased pig—we recommend that its remains be deposited in the tomb of that other tender martyr, the "pig Jim."

To our readers who are interested in Exchange, we are happy to be able to announce that Mr. King the Confederate Commissioner of exchange, has returned to Camp Ford, and has had an interview with our esteemed friend, Mr. Rosser, the Federal Agent of exchange. Mr. R.— assures us that he has strong hopes of soon effecting an arrangement by which we will be released from imprisonment and restored to our friends.

We have heard it suggested that as soon after the return of the prisoners of this place to N.O. a Ball be given, called "HAYNER'S UNION BALL."

Written for the OLD FLAG.

STANZAS.—To CLIANTHE.

Clianthe! while in lonesome thought,
I light my pipe, and smoke serenely,
I think of thee, with grace, so fraught,
With gentle brow and presence queenly.

A Federal bachelor, am I,
Who pines for one fond hearts communion
I pray the fair captive's sighs,
And let me win you to the —UNION!

Methinks my hut a hall would be,
Were I in thy sweet heart a lodger,
And one bright smile of thine on me,
Would sweeten e'en my cold corn-dodger!

But true love never runs smooth they say,
And fate with me has waged a quarrel;
One only sun-beam lights my way—
'Tis when thy fort trips thro' our corral.

Clianthe comes, thou tender maid—
My jealous heart feels pangs eternal
And Oh! don't stop at the stockade
To whisper to that other Colonel!

I'll bet two dollars and a half,
He seeks to win thy favor regal—
But at his rank, I scornful laugh,
He wears a Leaf and I an Eagle!

I've served for thee a wonderous bowl,
A goblet half, and half salt cellar;
And thee I'll pledge, my tender soul,
In sumach strong—my cloud dispeller.

Come, and I'll sit thee by my side,
And drink thy smiles like sunny weather,
A true new chair I've made, so wide,
"Twill hold us both, dear maid, together!

CHAWLES

FOR THE OLD FLAG.

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF "ROSA"

Farewell, old friend! dear partner of my toil!
Go browse abroad and scour the Texan soil,
With lightsome hoof the turfy prairies tread,
And leave thy master in his lonely shed.

Ungrateful world! that still misfortune lends!
Remorseless fate! that parts congenial friends:
My mule departs—my Rosa flies my sight,
And leaves this tender heart to withering blight

How oft, enamored of thy growing charms,
I've borne thee corn-husks on my trembling arms
How oft I've kissed thy cheeks and shriven thy face,
As in a mirror, my own form and face!

Thy cause was mine, thy rights I deemed my own,
For day by day our sympathies had grown;
And when surrounding lours disdained thy form
To me thou came; and found a kindness warm

What though thy fairy feet the garden spurned
And many an entrya plant in mirth upturned
What though thy youthful sports disturbed the grounds
Still base born peasants on thy presence frowned

They knew thee not—they could not know nor feel
The charms that thou to me would oft reveal.
Natures like thine all common contact spurn
Still love like mine, unites two souls in one!

Farewell, dear Rosa! far away thou goest—
Even in the hour I learned to prize thee most!
The gates have closed behind thy waving rear—
I carve my pipes, and drop a trinkey Tear!

AMOS.

ALL KINDS OF
JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROSPECTUS!

THE first number of a semi-occasionally Newspaper entitled

THE CORN-DODGER ADVOCATE AND UNDAUNTED COMPANION.

will be issued

APRIL FIRST,—1864.

bearing date, April 7th, '64, published one week in advance of date in order to reach distant subscribers on time. Devoted to the public good and filled with choice matter on Romance, Poetry, Local and Foreign News, Wit and Humor, Advertisements and Correspondence.

The POETICAL Department will be under the special charge of FRANCIS MARIAN, JR. assisted by Molley Moore and a galaxy of Southern lyres.

HARRY, the celebrated companion of HUMBOLDT in his travels will attend to the ROMANCE, and the first number will contain the opening chapters of a thrilling Novelette, entitled, the "PATAGONIAN GIANT; or the DELAPIDATED MANSION ON THE RHINE. A Fearful Tale of Blood, Hair and Horror" Done in short-hand.

D.E.L. AMATER, TOM, SON, & CO.
Publishers and Proprietors,
Shin-bone Alley, Head 5th Av.

WANTS.

A YOUNG WIDOWER, from South-America, desires Board in a private family where his society would be considered an equivalent for his meals and lodgings.
Address, H HAYLEY, Soap Street.

A PROFESSED COOK, who understands baking CORN-BREAD in plain style can find a permanent situation at the Undaunted Mess-room, Cor. Battery Place and Shinbone Alley.

ABLE BODIED young men who can turn a WHEEL and answer all questions asked by others, concerning work going on, can find constant employment and Gymnastic exercise by applying at the Lathe-power Work Shop, rear of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Graduates of the Floralelle Bars, etc. instructed in new muscular developments—gratis.

"THE OLD FLAG."

TERMS.—

PER ANNUM, ... $5.00
" PRICE ..... .25

CONTRIBUTIONS,

are respectfully solicited from all on Local News, Reviews, Poetry, Romance, Wit, and Humor, Advertisements, etc. etc.

W. H. M.
PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

LIST OF OFFICERS,

PRISONERS OF WAR AT CAMP FORD,

TYLER, SMITH COUNTY, TEXAS,

GIVING RANK, REGIMENT, WHERE AND WHEN CAPTURED.

Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Where Captured.	When.
Colonel	Charles C. Nott	176th N. Y.	Brashear City, La.	23d June, 1863.
Lieutenant-Colonel	A. J. H. Duganne	"	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, 1863.
Major	R. C. Anthony	2d R. I. Cavalry	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
Captain	F. W. Noblett	1st Indiana Bat.	" "	23d June, 1863.
"	Julius Sanford	23d C. V.	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, 1863.
"	William P. Coe	176th N. Y.	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
"	S. G. Bailey	23d C. V.	" "	23d June, 1863.
"	William H. May	"	Terre Bonne, "	20th June, 1863.
"	George S. Crofut	"	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
"	Alfred Wells	"	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, 1863.
"	James R. Jenkins	"	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
"	A. D. Hopkins	"	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, 1863.
"	Albert Allen	1st U. S. V.	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
"	S. E. Thomason	176th N. Y. V.	" "	23d June, 1863.
First Lieutenant	John A. Woodward	23d C. V.	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, 1863.
"	John F. Peck	"	" "	24th June, 1863.
"	O. H. Hibbard	"	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
"	John Babcock	176th N. Y. V.	" "	23d June, 1863.
Surgeon	David Hershy	2d U. S. V.	" "	23d June, 1863.
First Lieutenant	Phœbus W. Lyon	176th N. Y. V.	Terre Bonne, "	20th June, 1863.
"	John F. Kimball	"	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, 1863.
"	Charles Kerby	"	" "	24th June, 1863.
"	John G. Stevens	23d C. V.	Brashear City, "	23d June, 1863.
"	David G. Wellington	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
"	J. D. Fry	"	" "	" "
"	J. P. Robens	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	Charles Avery	25th C. V.	" "	" "
" "	George W. Hugg	"	" "	" "
" "	Charles Bailey	23d C. V.	" "	" "
" "	John W. Buckingham	"	" "	" "
" "	Charles E. Page	4th U. S. V.	" "	" "
" "	James De Lamater	91st N. Y. V.	" "	" "
" "	Caleb Brennan	2d R. I. Cavalry	" "	" "
" "	Daniel G. Gillette	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
" "	T. Foster Petrie	"	" "	" "
" "	Henry W. Morse	4th Mass. V.	" "	" "
" "	James M. Sampson	"	" "	" "
" "	Louis W. Stevenson	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
" "	Charles P. Sherman	"	" "	" "
" "	Charles D. Hurlbut	23d C. V.	Bayou Bœuf, "	24th June, "
" "	Frank Sherfy	1st Indiana V.	" "	" "
" "	Freeman H. Chase	12th Mass. Vols.	Thibodeaux, "	20th June, "
First Lieutenant	T. D. Vredenburgh	10th Illinois Cav.	Richmond, "	28th June, "
Citizen	Finley Anderson, Corres.	N. Y. Herald	On "Queen of the West,"	February, "
First Lieutenant	William S. Bulkley	12th C. V.	On Gun-Boat "Diana,"	March 28th, 1863,
Second Lieutenant	Charles Laurie	"	" "	" "
" "	Ed. Kerby	160th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
Acting Chief Engineer	R. W. Mars	U. S. N.	" "	" "
" 3d Ass't "	R. M. McLaughlan	"	" "	" "
" " "	William Johnson	"	" "	" "
Master's Mate	Henry Weston	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant-Colonel	J. B. Leake	20th Iowa Vols.	Morganzie, Louisiana,	Sept'r 29th, "
" "	A. D. Rose	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued.)

Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Where Captured.	When.
Captain	William Adams	19th Iowa Vols.	Morganzie, La.	Sept'r 29th, 1863.
"	Thomas L. Sprott	"	" "	" "
"	N. A. Logan	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
"	R. H. Stott	"	" "	" "
"	W. J. Wallace	"	" "	" "
"	S. F. Roderick	19th Iowa Vols.	" "	" "
Lieutenant	L. Fisher	"	" "	" "
"	N. Powell	"	" "	" "
"	J. M. Woods	"	" "	" "
"	S. P. Key	"	" "	" "
"	B. F. Wright	"	" "	" "
"	James Bennett	"	" "	" "
"	George Johnson	"	" "	" "
"	C. C. McDowell	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
"	Henry Walton	34th Iowa Vols.	" "	" "
"	J. M. Robertson	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
"	J. A. Whitset	"	" "	" "
"	John Greene	"	" "	" "
"	E. J. Collins	"	" "	" "
Captain	E. Coulter	20th Iowa Vols.	Aransas Bay, Texas,	Dec'r 19th, "
"	D. Torrey	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant	John East	1st Arkansas	Goodrich's Landing, La.	June 29th, "
Colonel	Isaac S. Burrell	42d Mass. Vols.	Galveston, Texas,	Jan'y 1st, "
Captain	George Sherive	"	" "	" "
"	Cyrus Savage	"	" "	" "
"	A. N. Proctor	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant	T. H. Newcomb	"	" "	" "
"	William H. Cowdin	"	" "	" "
"	D. F. Eddy	"	" "	" "
"	S. F. White	"	" "	" "
"	B. F. Stowel	"	" "	" "
"	Henry Humble	4th Mass. Vols.	" "	" "
Captain	Nathan Hammond	U. S. N. 'Velocity'	Sabine Pass, Texas,	Jan'y 21st, "
Acting Master	John Dilingham	U. S. N.	" "	" "
Captain	Frederick Crocker	U.S.G.B. 'Clifton'	" "	Sept'r 8th, "
"	Amos Johnson	" 'Sachem'	" "	" "
Acting Master	Henry Washburn	" "	" "	Jan'y 21st, "
" "	W. W. Fowler	" 'MorningLight'	" "	" "
" "	B. F. Weeks	" 'Clifton'	" "	Sept'r 8th, "
Engineer	A. A. Reynolds	" 'Sachem'	" "	" "
"	William W. Weld	" 'Clifton'	" "	" "
"	John A. Fox	" "	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	John W. Dana	12th Me. Vols.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	Henry C. Dane	3d Mass. Cavalry	" "	" "
" "	C. H. Cox	75th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	William H. Root	"	" "	" "
Major	John Gray	175th N. Y. V.	Franklin, La.	May 25th, "
First Lieutenant	J. Roberts	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	Richard Dunn	"	" "	" "
" "	Norman S. Curtis	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	Patrick E. Walsh	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	Jas. Bassett	48th Mass. Vols.	Lafourche, "	July 13th, "
" "	James Wilson	"	" "	" "
Captain	Fred. H. Van Tine	131st N. Y. V.	Donaldsonville, "	" "
First Lieutenant	T. L. Evans	96th Ohio Vols.	Mansfield, La.	April 8th, 1864.
Captain	William Prescott	130th Ill. Vols.	" "	" "
"	Jesse R. Johnson	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	Jacob W. Paulen	"	" "	" "
" "	William C. Harned	"	" "	" "
" "	R. S. Taylor	"	" "	" "
" "	William C. Pool	"	" "	" "
Captain	John W. Watts	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	Charles W. Johnson	"	" "	" "
Major	J. H. Bering	48th Ohio.	" "	" "
Captain	James Lowrey	"	" "	" "

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued.)

Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Where Captured.	When.
Captain	Thomas McGomely	48th Ohio	Mansfield, La.	April 8th, 1864.
"	Daniel Gunsantiss	"	" "	" "
"	Andrew M. Corcoran	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	Mitchel McCaffrey	"	" "	" "
" "	William F. Trope	"	" "	" "
" "	Harvey W. Day	"	" "	" "
Captain	J. M. McCulloch	77th Illinois	" "	" "
"	J. H. Stevenson	"	" "	" "
"	G. G. Stearns	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant	Henry N. Bushnel	"	" "	" "
"	M. O. Harkness	"	" "	" "
"	S. S. Edwards	"	" "	" "
"	Henry Wyman	"	" "	" "
"	C. F. McCulloch	"	" "	" "
Captain	J. S. McCulloch	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant-Colonel	John Cowan	19th Kentucky	" "	" "
Major	J. H. Mann	"	" "	" "
Adjutant	George C. Rue	"	" "	" "
Captain	William H. Cundiff	"	" "	" "
"	Henry L. Whitehouse	"	" "	" "
"	John Barnett	"	" "	" "
"	H. K. Forbes	"	" "	" "
"	L. A. Hamblin	"	" "	" "
"	Alexander Logan	"	" "	" "
"	William F. McKinney	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	V. D. Lester	"	" "	" "
" "	Abraham Whitenach	"	" "	" "
" "	Elijah Baker	"	" "	" "
" "	Thomas Cundiff	"	" "	" "
" "	Eberle Wilson	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	Zachariah Morgan	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	S. W. Hedger	"	" "	" "
" "	George Stone	14th N. Y. Cav.	" "	" "
" "	Nicholas Steinauer	60th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
" "	Thomas B. Gorman	1st La. Cavalry	" "	" "
" "	S. W. Griffin	32d Iowa	" "	" "
Captain	P. H. White	Chic. Merc. Bat.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	P. S. Cone	" "	" "	" "
Captain	Samuel P. Dill	173d N. Y. V.	Pleasant Hill, La.	April 9th, "
First Lieutenant	Charles Nolton	" "	" "	" "
Lieutenant	A. H. Haslett	14th Iowa	" "	" "
Lieutenant-Colonel	A. M. Florey	46th Indiana	Mansfield, "	April 8th, "
Captain	William M. Dehart	"	" "	" "
"	Hamilton Robb	"	" "	" "
"	Dana. W. King	1st N. H. Cav.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	Thomas Hughes	28th Iowa V.	" "	" "
Captain	J. M. Wilcox	3d Mo. Cavalry	" "	" "
Master's Mate	William E. Bridges	G. Bt. 'Sachem"	Sabine Pass, Texas,	Sept'r 8th, "

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued.)

Rank	Name	Regiment	When Commissioned	When
Captain	Thomas McGourdy	46th Ohio	Mansfield, La.	April 9th, 1865
"	Daniel Quessenberry	"	"	"
"	Andrew M. Cameron	"	"	"
First Lieutenant	Mitchel McCullagy	"	"	"
"	William F. Hope	"	"	"
"	Harvey W. Doty	"	"	"
Captain	J. M. McCullough	7th Illinois	"	"
"	A. H. Stevenson	"	"	"
"	C. H. Stearns	"	"	"
Lieutenant	Henry K. Bedford	"	"	"
"	M. O. Harness	"	"	"
"	S. S. Edwards	"	"	"
"	Henry Warren	"	"	"
"	C. F. McCullough	"	"	"
Captain	J. S. McCullough	"	"	"
Lieutenant-Colonel	John Cowan	14th Kentucky	"	"
Major	J. B. Nunn	"	"	"
Adjutant	George D. Hoe	"	"	"
Captain	William H. Caudill	"	"	"
"	Henry S. Whitehouse	"	"	"
"	John Stewart	"	"	"
"	H. C. Price	"	"	"
"	E. J. Hamilton	"	"	"
"	Alexander Logan	"	"	"
"	William F. H. Kinney	"	"	"
First Lieutenant	V. D. Lester	"	"	"
"	Abraham Wolverton	"	"	"
"	Elijah Bailey	"	"	"
"	Thomas Caudill	"	"	"
"	Jacob Wilson	"	"	"
Second Lieutenant	Zachariah Morgan	"	"	"
First Lieutenant	S. W. Hughes	"	"	"
"	George Stone	7th N. Y. Cav.	"	"
"	Charles Stevens	99th Ind. Vol.	"	"
"	Thomas E. Gorman	1st La. Cavalry	"	"
"	S. W. Griffin	33d Iowa	"	"
Captain	P. H. White	12th Mass. Bat.	"	"
First Lieutenant	N. B. Cone	"	"	"
Captain	Samuel T. Dill	12th N. Y. N. Y.	Pleasant Hill, La.	April 9th,
First Lieutenant	Charles Norton	"	"	"
Lieutenant	A. B. Hazlett	11th Iowa	"	"
Lieutenant-Colonel	A. M. Posey	46th Indiana	Mansfield,	April 8th,
Captain	William M. Lemen	"	"	"
"	Hamilton Hobbs	"	"	"
First Lieutenant	Owen W. Stone	1st N. H. Cav.	"	"
Captain	Thomas Hughes	85th Iowa V.	"	"
Major	J. M. Wilson	83d Ohio Cavalry	"	"
Major, Maj.	William E. Bridge	C. R. Sabine	Sabine Pass, Texas	Sept. 8th,